Faculty shows off at Maltwood

page twelve

Cook Street, my precious

page two

Tossing headless folk into pools for 57 years.

MARTLET

Thursday, January 27, 2005 | The University of Victoria's Independent Newspaper | www.martlet.ca | Volume 57, Issue 20

Everybody loves water polo. Even when UVic loses terribly.

see page nineteen

AARON MCMILLAN PHOTO

'Smart growth' project planned for Cook Street

by Meghan Planchon

From within her stately heritage home, Cornelia Lange laments the changes that will soon come to her beloved Cook Street Village.

Victoria city council approved a development last fall that will bring retail space at street level and 43 new apartments selling for $240,000 to $600,000 apiece.

Max Tomaszewski envisions his Cook-Sutlej development along the lines of Vancouver's Kitsilano. Known as Castana, the expansion will displace single-storey shops in the Cook Street Village, three homes on Sutlej Street and the Glengarry, a 90-year-old 10-unit rental complex where apartments currently rent for $400 to $500 per month.

In the first meeting between Tomaszewski and the Fairfield Community Association (FCA), Lange said she was not impressed.

"The first thing [Tomaszewski] said was, 'I have a vision,' and the community just looked at him like, 'Who are you?'" Lange did not want to see her neighbourhood mimic either the look or the expense of another district in another city.

"I moved away from Kitsilano," she said. "It's a hip, happening place but it's very expensive. In Fairfield we have a diversity of incomes, and who wants to be a reproduction of another place anyway? Everyone wants to have a sense of belonging to their own place."

Tomaszewski, also the developer of the Mermaid Wharf in downtown Victoria and former owner of Market Square, said the Castana project was based on "smart growth."

Smart growth is a set of fiscally, environmentally and socially responsible urban development strategies to reduce sprawl.

He added that he felt the community consultation process is important, but, in this case, it had been "hijacked by a small group who are vehemently anti-development."

The potential of the smart growth concept being applied to the development excites Tomaszewski, who believes pollution and city traffic will decrease if more people are able to live downtown. "People can walk and not drive," he said. "This enlivens the street which [also] prevents crimes."

Blaire Humphrey, vice president of the FCA, questions Tomaszewski's use of the phrase.

"While I support 'smart growth,' this growth just isn't smart," Humphrey said.

Humphrey doesn't think Castana's underground parking will be adequate and fears traffic along Cook Street will wreak havoc. He also worries that Castana will set a precedent in the neighbourhood and attract similar high-priced developments at the cost of elderly community members who live on fixed incomes.

"Where will the little old ladies go?" he asked.

Tomaszewski said he originally proposed less expensive housing units, but the FCA said the plan was too big for Cook Street and still not affordable enough.

Earl Levine, an FCA member who is supportive of Castana, said that developers operate economic markets and can't be held accountable for "the whole spectrum of social needs," since "local government has to pick up that part of development."

NIC HUME PHOTO

Will the Castana expansion project make Cook Street Village the new Kitsilano?

One way the city has addressed the social need for affordable housing is through the policy of bonus density, which regulates the number of extra units developers can build per acre in exchange for certain amenities.

The density of the Castana development did not meet the city's bonus density zoning standards in the area. The policy made it possible for Tomaszewski to rezone his property for a higher density and, in exchange, pay the city $420,000, which will go to a newly created affordable-housing trust fund. He must also provide an equivalent amount in public amenities, such as gardens and public art.

Since the initial drafting of the bonus density policy in 1995, two affordable housing units have been developed in Victoria, said Wendy Think, a social planner for the city.

Council streamlined the bonus density regulations just last week, declaring the city would prefer to receive cash versus public amenities from developers.

Humphrey acts disenchanted by the city's policy.

"The official Fairfield Community Plan describes what the community wants," he said. "Just letting anything happen is not what council should be doing. One of the reasons they do is because of the money they get."

Councillor Bea Holland said that council's job is to look at the community as a whole. She denies that any decisions are made with a pro-business bent, saying the situation is often far more complex.

"A myriad of pieces come together," she said, "which is not easy for people to understand."

Notice of Nominations

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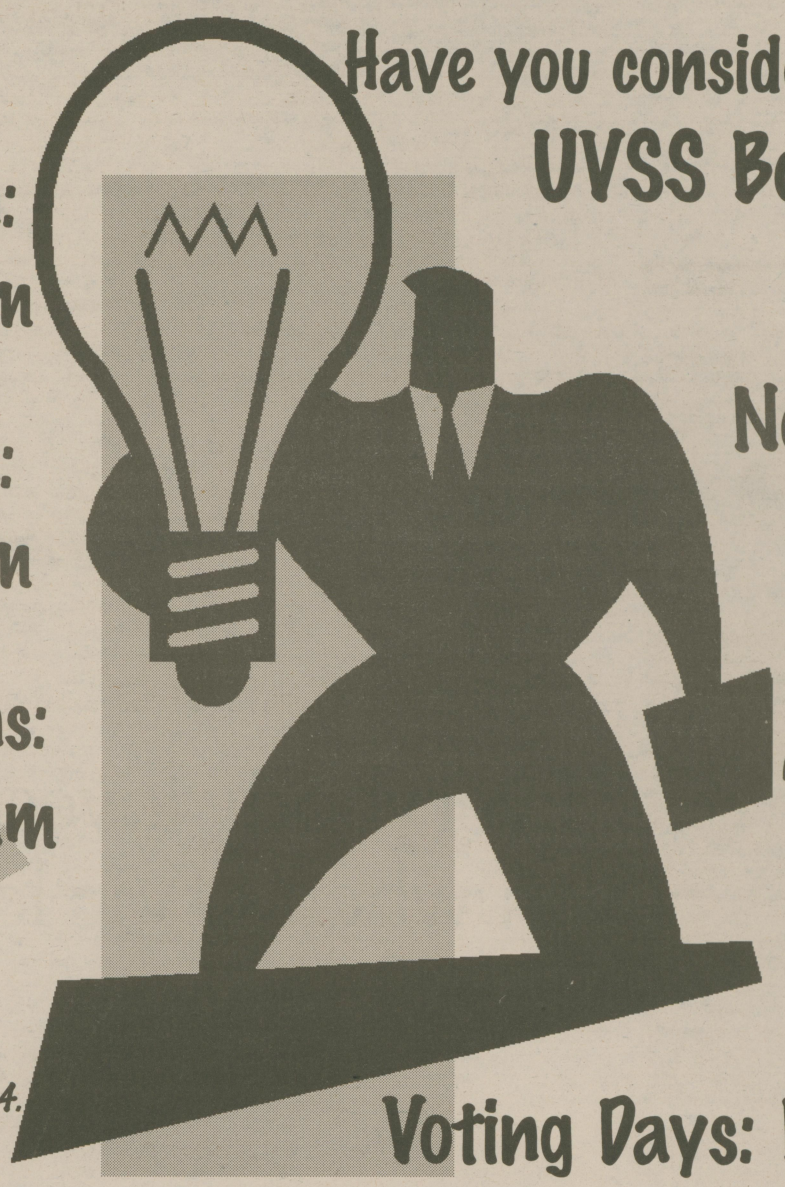

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NIC HUME PHOTO

Ann-Marie and Heather Gatland display their marriage certificate at a protest against the Conservative party in the Victoria Conference Centre courtyard Tuesday.

Protestors rally in support of same-sex marriage

by Tim Hanson and Nic Hume

Protestors rallied outside the Victoria Conference Centre to speak out against the Conservative party's plan to effectively outlaw gay marriage.

Conservative Leader Stephen Harper and all 99 elected Conservative MPs were inside debating their options over the issue.

Married protestors Robin Roberts and Diana Denny spoke briefly to Harper, telling him about the increased familial support they received from Denny's family once the Canadian Supreme Court upheld the inclusion of same-sex partners into the definition of marriage. Harper was ultimately unfazed by the tale, replying that he hadn't changed his mind on using the word "marriage."

Protestors Cody Gregory and Eileen Amirault spoke out, saying, "We both think that working for equal rights for Canadians of all stripes is important but especially for gays because we're in danger of losing rights, which I guess we never really had. We're just asking for those rights."

Harper has previously announced plans to amend the Liberal bill on same-sex marriage and has said failing that he would table a private member's bill to exclude same-sex couples from the definition of marriage.

While many legal experts have explained to him that his only legal and political alternative is to invoke the notwithstanding clause, Harper seems confident that a private member's bill would suffice.

Percentage of cyclists at UVic drops

by Patrick Szpak

NIC HUME PHOTO

Despite being a bike-friendly campus, cyclists are a becoming a rarer sight at UVic.

Every day more than 7,000 people in Victoria use their bicycles to commute to work. The provincial government even went so as to give Victoria the official title "Canada's Cycling Capital," by Royal Proclamation.

Surprisingly, given UVic's bicycle-friendly policies, the relative number of cyclists to UVic has stagnated and even declined. Cyclists composed 6.9 per cent of UVic commuters in 1994 and six percent in 2004, according to a traffic audit commissioned by UVic in 2004.

UVic matches Victoria's enthusiasm for cycling, said Sarah Webb, UVic's sustainability co-ordinator, and since 2000 has implemented many bike-friendly strategies, including free cycling courses and repair workshops.

There is even a program that lends out bikes for free. Known as SPOKES, it is a bursary that fixes old cycles and lends them out to students.

"The aim of the program is to fix up old bikes to lend out to students in order to introduce folks to the benefits of commuter cycling and divert wastes from Hartland Landfill," said Webb.

Cyclists to UVic can usually find locks, take a shower in many of UVic's buildings and then store their cycles and cycling clothing in indoor and outdoor lockers.

"There are currently over 700 standard bike racks, six bike shelters, 48 bike lockers and over 200 indoor clothing lockers for use by the general campus community," said Webb.

Michael Canzi, a member of the Greater Victoria Cycling Coalition (GVCC), said that the U-Pass is seen by many students as a cheap way to get to school, preferable to both driving and cycling.

"You don't get wet. You don't have to struggle with hills—it's very appealing," he said.

Canzi, however, thinks that cyclist numbers to UVic are influenced by more than the U-Pass and services available on campus.

"The facilities at UVic may be great, the facilities off campus may be so-so, but I think there are other factors that are depressing the number of riders."

Canzi remarked that the quality of cycling lanes on commuter routes to UVic might contribute to the number of cyclists, citing particularly streets where cycling lanes stop, forcing cyclists to bike with traffic.

"On a bike route that's non-continuous it can be pretty uncomfortable," said Canzi. "There are bike lanes on Foul Bay Road, but these stop just south of Landsdowne. . . . You share the curb lane with cars, and it's not a very wide curb lane," he said. "This can be discouraging for some."

For Canzi the biggest variable affecting cycling numbers to UVic is its location on a hill, far from the centre of the city.

"No matter what road I take, I've got to go up that hill, and it's brutal, so sometimes I take the bus instead just so I don't have to cope with that hill. Whether I take Dean or Foul Bay Road, either one is a real struggle for a few minutes there."

Canzi thinks that UVic is typical of many universities built in the 1960s in suburban or rural areas that were predominantly farmland, without thought given to commuting, sustainability or distance from central areas.

"They [universities] are located on patches of land that were inexpensive, and they were a bit isolated."

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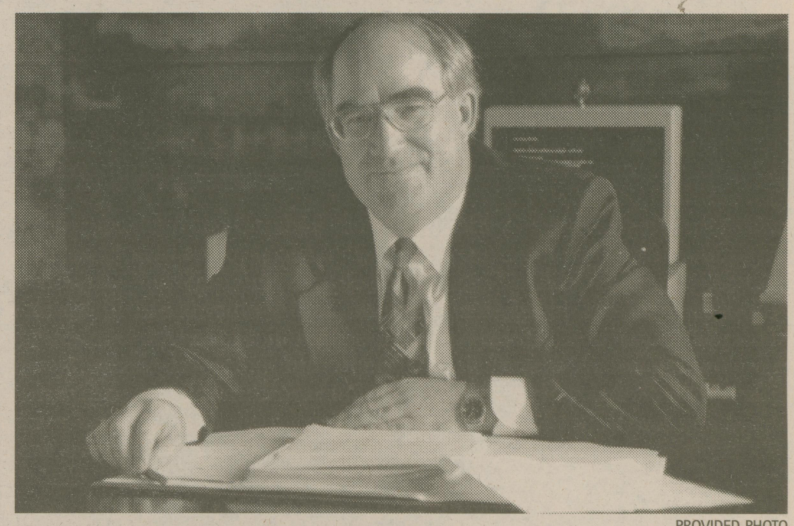
Private university an expensive alternative

by Becky Michaluk



PROVIDED PHOTO

Former UVic president Dr. David Strong is now heading up Victoria's first private university.

Former University of Victoria president Dr. David Strong once wrote a paper arguing for zero tuition fees.

Now he is set to charge double the average Canadian tuition fee when Victoria's first private university opens this September.

Strong is vice-chancellor and president at the new University Canada West (UCW). His justification for the $10,000 per year tuition fee is that students will be able to complete a standard four-year degree in three years because the school runs on a September to August quarter system.

"There is a little bit more pressure," Strong said about the programs at UCW. "We will put a lot of resources into tutoring and coaches." Every class will have a full-time learning coach, dealing with academic concerns, as well as counselling for study habits and time management.

Graduates will also be more attractive to employers, Strong said, because they will learn these "intangible skills" in addition to skills such as entrepreneurship.

"Every OECD [Organisation for Economic Development] country since 1965 has seen the number of students increase, and the projections are that the demand is going to grow. There are thousands of high-school graduates that couldn't get into university in the past years," he said.

"The basic issue is students. We all know there aren't enough spaces. If the government isn't putting up the opportunities, then I want to try to fill that gap."

Presently, UCW is only approved to grant bachelor of commerce and MBA degrees, but has applied for permission to grant degrees in economics, tourism, communications and media studies, geography, culture and heritage, and technology and management. All include additional training in areas of international business, e-business, tourism and leadership.

UCW courts prospective students with its lower-than-average entrance requirements. As the website states, "That's all we ask: a desire to learn and a 65 per cent average. No wondering about whether you will gain entry because your average isn't high enough, as we believe in giving you a chance to prove yourself."

Strong says that UCW is not catering to the wealthy with its high tuition fees because private university students have access to the same loans as public university students.

UCW is owned by the corporation LearningWise, with a board of strategic advisors that includes Judd Buchanan, president of Ensign Chrysler Dodge Jeep in Victoria and the former president of Silver Star resort in Vernon, B.C., and various CEOs and chairpersons of multi-national oil, petroleum, coal, steel and mining companies. Strong is the founding chair and CEO of LearningWise.

The board of international advisors includes Robert S. McNamara, who has served as former U.S. Secretary of Defence and who is a former president of Ford Motor Company and the World Bank.

The for-profit nature of UCW and similar private universities has some members of the academic community concerned.

"The nature of a for-profit enterprise is about what gets cut, [and] we don't know that," says Robert Clift, executive director of the Confederation of University Faculty Associations of British Columbia (CUFA/BC), which represents the academic staff at B.C.'s five public universities. "It's a very different attitude when you have to pay back a financial backer."

CUFA/BC wants to know how LearningWise and its new school meet the requirements laid out by the Degree Quality Assessment Board (DQAB) and is concerned that this process has not been made public. "This information needs to be made public to know if the DQAB is doing its job," says Clift, "and if the university passed the test."

In Canada, a school must receive permission from the Ministry of Advanced Education to use the term "university" in its name. Unless the university is well established, the minister must also approve each degree program.

The review is done through the DQAB, which is currently composed of six liberal arts academics, five business and marketing representatives and academics, and three government positions, all appointed by the minister of advanced education.

Clift says that LearningWise and the DQAB have refused to give CUFA/BC details of the approval process. As a consequence, CUFA/BC has made a freedom of information request.

CUFA/BC's major worry, however, is that the word "university" will no longer mean what it used to.

A university is a school with "a wider range of programs and a strong liberal arts core," said Clift. "LearningWise is really setting up a business school, not a university.... Their motivation is to sell degree programs, not to expand knowledge.

"They are going to trade on the word university—that could damage our reputation in B.C., and the universities will have to spend money on the differentiation," he continued.

"If government doesn't tighten up then we will have a similar situation to the States. You can have Harvard, Yale, Columbia and Stanford, who are private universities that have fully embraced the university mentality, but there are also those who are degree mills," Clift said.

The president of the Federation of Post-Secondary Educators of BC, Cindy Oliver, is concerned about access to post-secondary education. "These private universities are notoriously expensive and certainly do not address the access problem for students," Oliver told the Canadian Association of University Teachers in September 2004.

Strong says it isn't fair to compare any start-up universities to existing ones. He says his university will not be similar to universities like UVic as far as offering all the amenities, but "in the end it probably won't be all that different."

Strong says he hopes to have at least 100 students when classes commence in September.

UCW will be the fourth private university in Brtish Columbia. The other three are Trinity Western University, Sea to Sky University and University Phoenix.

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The business of textbooks

by Heather Bowness

It's the beginning of the semester and students excitedly line up for textbooks. We stand in line for the better part of an hour at the UVic bookstore before finally reaching the checkout, where some of us face a bill of more than $500.

Many students face this reality every semester, but there are alternatives like book sharing, photocopying, and buying used textbooks or materials on-line. But since book sharing can be a hassle and photocopying violates copyright laws, it's back to the bookstore for the majority of us.

In addition to paying tuition, books are a significant part of financing an education, and students are getting frustrated. But who's to blame? Much anger is directed toward the bookstore, though many students understand the enterprise is governed by a cost recovery motive, where prices are merely recovered and no profit is generated.

Suellen Guenther, a textbook buyer at the University Bookstore, has been in the book business for 19 years and said one of the costs is hidden within the very pages of our books.

The electronic DVD extras that cite websites and offer additional practice tests that we supposedly get for free aren't so free, said Guenther. These extra features—what a publishing company refers to as added value—are built into the cost of the textbook.

With advances in communications technology, hinted at via electronic add-ons, Guenther even wonders if textbooks will one day be obsolete. "With the electronic revolution it's entirely possible that soon there will be more online learning," she said. "Instead of buying a printed book, you will be buying access to a website."

Small owner-operated publishing companies are becoming more obsolete as the industry shifts in favour of larger corporations interested primarily in shareholders and the bottom line, not the student population.

Publishers also sell the same books we buy in Victoria overseas. And they do so at a lower cost. Publishing companies claim that international economies cannot support North Americans prices, but Guenther says that the prices we face are too high for the North American market. "We've lost sight of why we have textbooks," she said. "It's not part of profit, and the bottom line, it's about education and the future."

In order to offset the costs of new books, students will often sell old texts and try to buy used ones. However, as more used textbooks are bought and sold, publishing companies limit the number of print runs, causing an inflation of cost as publishers try to cover what they may have lost to the second-hand market.

There is some good news for students. When the UVic bookstore orders a book, it will buy soft cover before hardcover editions and will always buy back as much as possible from the student body.

"Professors are sensitive to the cost of books and will often opt for a cheaper version of a book, or a course pack," assured Guenther who explained that course packs cut down costs, since they usually sell for under $100 while textbooks can easily surpass the $100 mark.

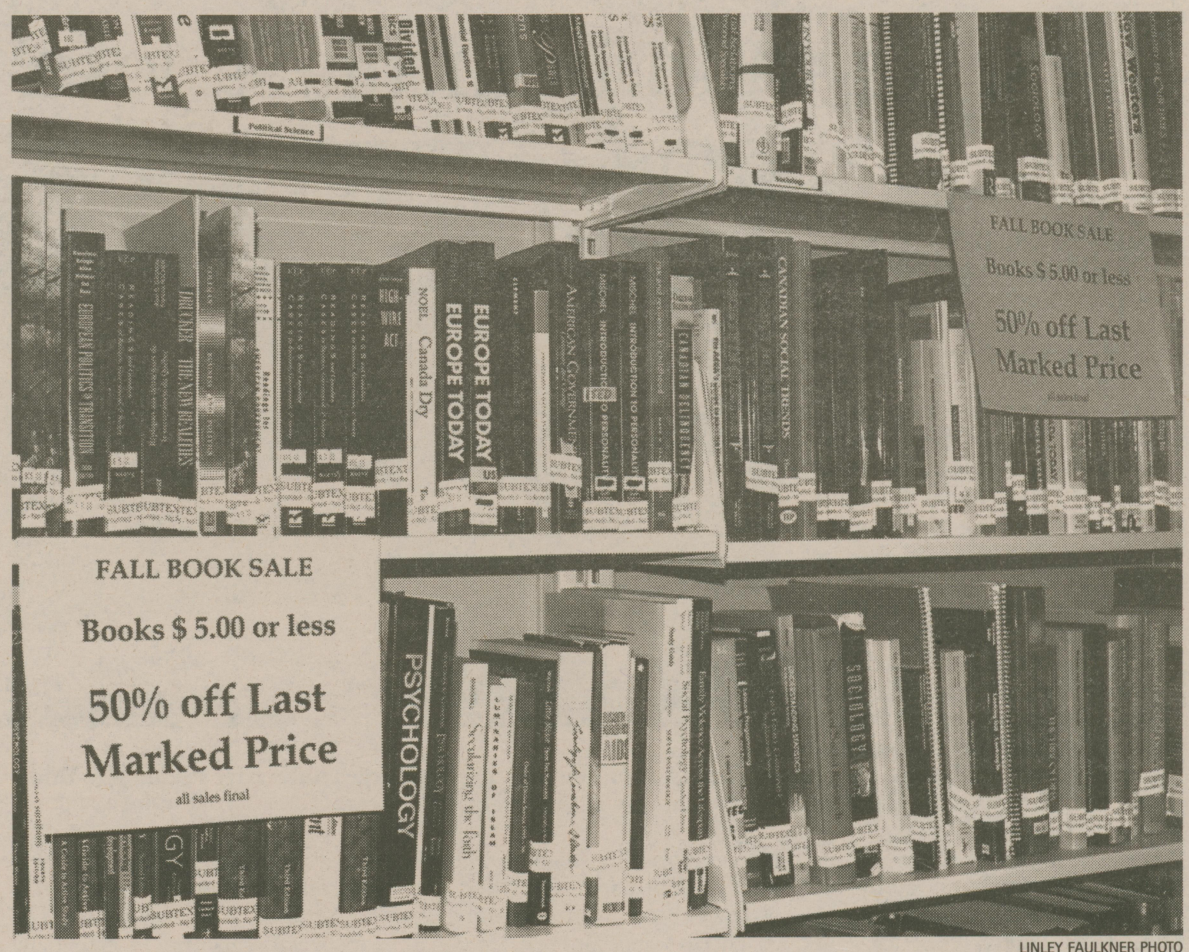
While the bookstore attempts to help students save, managers are intolerant when it comes to cheating the system. As of Jan. 20 this year, textbooks are not refundable unless a student drops the class. With a student number, bookstore staff can confirm a customer is no longer enroled in a particular course and isn't merely using it for an assignment or midterm and then returning it a week later.

Canadian bookstores have started pressuring publishers to stop selling international editions at a cheaper cost and to drop the extra add-ons, but nothing significant has happened so far. However, publishers are looking at making textbooks cheaper by using less colour and making the binding less durable. Textbooks last about three years, and cutting quality would lower the price.

Looking into the alternatives, ordering on-line from amazon.com or powells.com translates to a savings of about $40 to $50 with a week's wait for shipping and the guilt of not supporting Canadian retailers.

At the bookstore, Guenther said her staff can get "worn down by the anger and frustration vented at them."

"We're all here for the same purpose: to learn," she said. "But education isn't free."



LINLEY FAULKNER PHOTO

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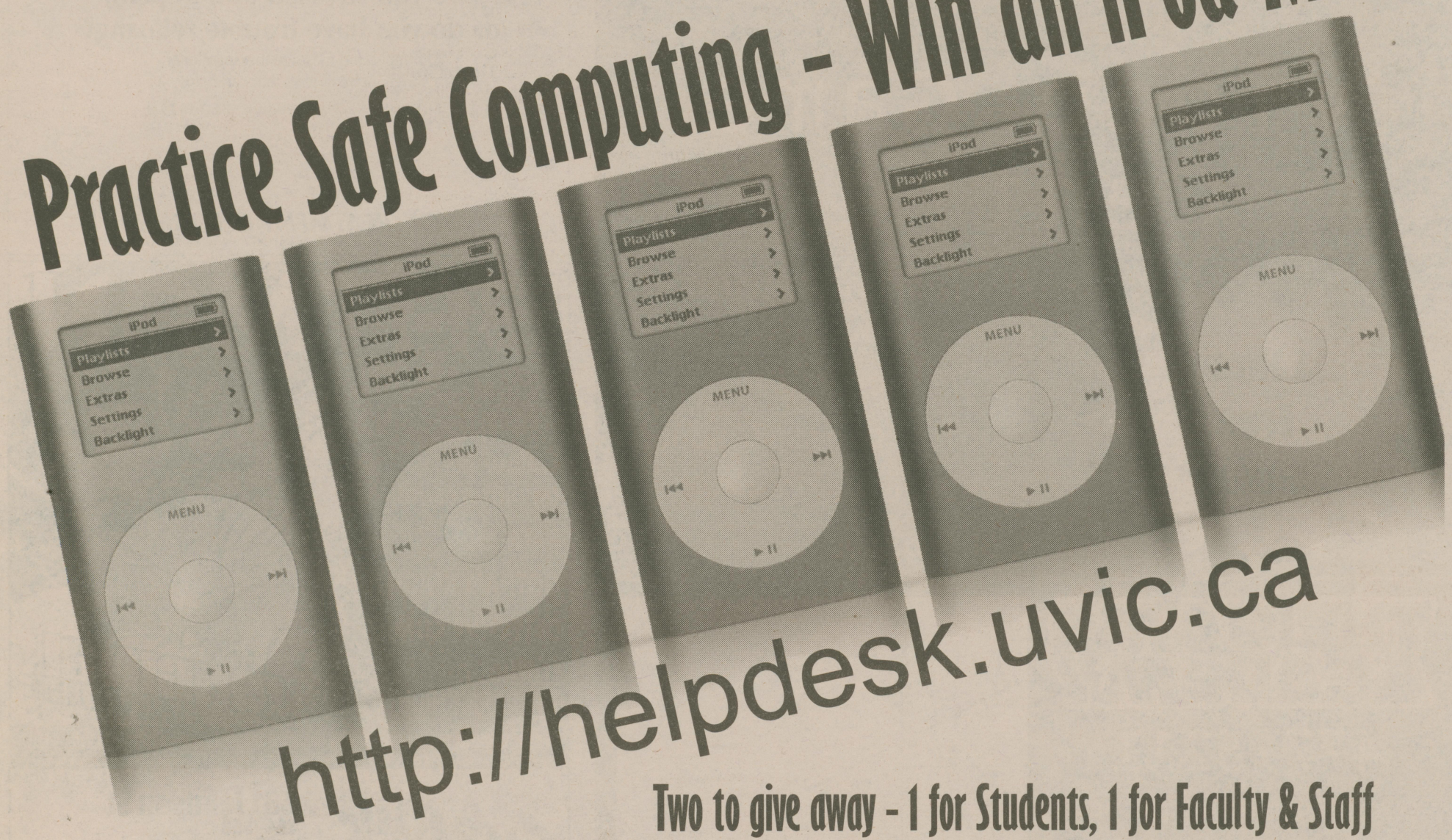

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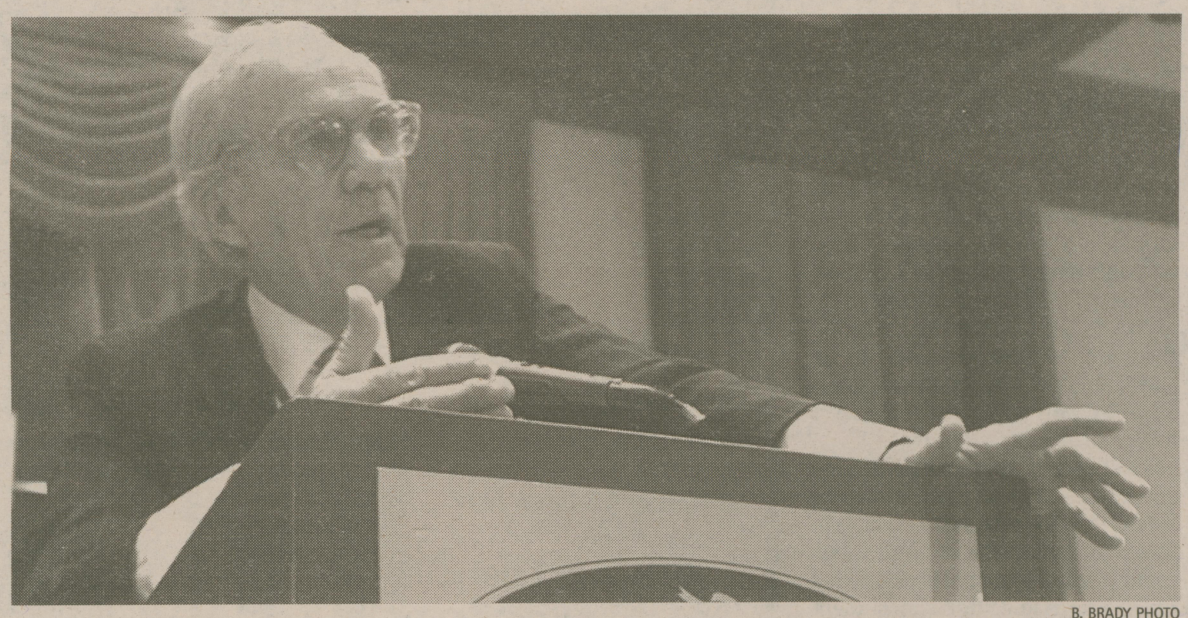
Quest for truth in media 'a joke,' *Harper's* editor says

by Cosanna Preston
CUP Alberta Bureau Chief



B. BRADY PHOTO

***Harper's* editor Lewis H. Lapham urges university students to think for themselves without depending on "machine-written" media products.**

EDMONTON (CUP) — Long-lingering pauses break up Lewis H. Lapham's speech, as he thinks out loud.

"I am now talking slowly," he chuckles.

"That just won't work on television. . . . People can't have a discussion over time on television with pauses. You learn much more just by watching C-SPAN because people are allowed to drone on," he laughs again.

"But [on C-SPAN] you do get a sense eventually of what is being said and how it is being said. But [network television] is an unsuccessful format, at least the way it's been used, because it has been turned into entertainment rather than a searching out of the truth, as it were."

These criticisms are not new words from Lapham, editor of *Harper's Magazine*, an American journal of literature, politics, culture and the arts in print since 1850. Regarded as alternative and a liberal "window on the world," the magazine is well known for Lapham's monthly essay, Notebook, a highly polished, often unrestrained critique of the United States government.

Born to a very blue-blooded American family, Lapham was educated first at Yale and then Cambridge University, driven by a zest for writing and history, and inspired by many prominent figures, especially his grandfather, the mayor of San Francisco during the founding of the United Nations.

"He was a politician in the best sense . . . and he was also extremely open to people. He never had his phone unlisted. He was never driving around in motorcades," Lapham reflects.

"He had a sense of the commonwealth, that democracy was a mutual enterprise in which we were all involved no matter what our age, weight or race, or sexual orientation . . . and to watch him operate was, I thought, a very inspiring experience. . . . That is where my idealism and optimism comes from."

But Lapham rubbed shoulders with many more people than his grandfather growing up. He recalls that while at Yale his idea of a good weekend was travelling to New York to see the latest play by Tennessee Williams or Arthur Miller, or stopping in for a visit with authors such as W.H. Auden or e.e. cummings, because they were "fun to be around."

"It was easier to meet those people in those days," he explains. "We didn't yet have the celebrity culture that we have now, and there weren't so many people that wanted to be writers or painters or rock musicians . . . so you tended to meet people who had genuine talent."

With people like this to guide him along the way, Lapham found himself in journalism school looking to discover how the world worked. He worked on contract for *Harper's*, *the Saturday Evening Post* and *Life* for several years until he essentially fell into an editor position at *Harper's* in 1971 because of a "changing of the guard." But despite his title, which became editor in 1976, Lapham maintains he always looks at an article from the writer's point of view.

"I'm trying to find out what's in the author's head and what excites the author, what interests the author, what the author knows about and whether or not that's a subject that might have a larger audience," he says.

It's this constant curiosity—continuing education," he calls it—that presses Lapham to prod the issues in ways daily media cannot. He describes *Harper's* as a magazine for contributors and an audience that has the courage of its own mind, observations and convictions.

"I assume that the people who read the magazine have [these] certain characteristics. . . . They are not looking to the magazine to tell them who to vote for because they can come to that decision themselves, thank you very much," he quips.

But Lapham expresses concern that not enough people are reading publications or books that make them think for themselves.

Instead, he suggests the university generation has swayed heavily toward television, which he describes as an advertising tool for politics, as far as the news is concerned. He emphasizes that the generation presently in university is the generation that has the power to make change, but if they continue to take their ideas from television programs like CNN's recently cancelled *Crossfire* and magazines such as *Time*—products he describes as machine-written—ideas will certainly suffer.

But his concern with the media drives deeper than just the end product that is released to the market. Lapham believes the ideas of objectivity and impartial truth that have infiltrated American media in at least the last 50 years are innately flawed. He noted as an example the recent firings at CBS to protect their claim of dealing in the truth, which he says they don't deal in.

"*60 Minutes* is an artificial construct. The news is a story, really, and it's the best story that can be told in the time available or the space available. And it's sculpture in snow. And to pretend that it is somehow the truth is a joke, and the audiences are becoming aware of that."

Yet, despite all his criticisms, Lapham is known for his optimism, though he says that this does not lie in the government and its ability.

"Governments tend to be well behind, sometimes 30 or 40 years behind the frontiers of thought. . . . [They] tend to be the enemies of freedom, of free expression, of the citizenry—all must be carefully watched, right?" he suggests.

"I have a great deal of faith in individuals. I don't have much faith in governments, and I'm not a nationalist. In other words, I love America because of its freedoms and its people, not because of its armies and its fleets."

And it is this faith that inspires him to continue with his work. Lapham suffers no delusions. He knows that a relatively small audience reads the likes of *Harper's* and other alternative media, and he recognizes that there is still a large population to reach before anything in the United States can be turned around. But he feels that magazines such as *Harper's* are reaching an influential if small audience, which will be instrumental to progressively developing American culture.

"It's a little drop at a time. They're immensely useful because they present alternative ways of thinking, and that doesn't swing an election, but it maybe reaches numbers of individuals who will go on to come up with better questions and better ideas of their own."

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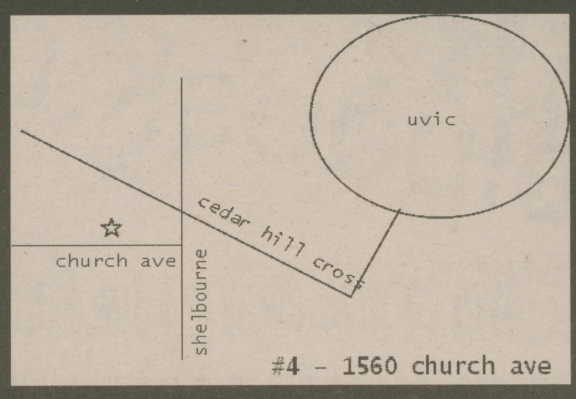

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INSPIRE YOUR IMAGINATION

Poverty and oppression still a reality in Chiapas, Mexico

Human rights observer Joanne Cuffe encounters a vibrant community in southern Mexico

by Tim Boultbee

JOANNE CUFFE PHOTO

Zapatistas cover their faces to represent a sense of having lost their identity and collective voice.

With a machete in her hands, Joanna Cuffe scraped dried kernels off corncobs to make fresh tortillas. Working temporarily with a Zapatista's women's collective in Chiapas, Mexico, the political science student eagerly took part in preparing the day's meal.

The Zapatistas garnered international attention in 1994 when they briefly occupied several towns in Chiapas. The indigenous uprising coincided with the implementation of the North American Free Trade Agreement, which the Zapatistas saw as a threat to their cultural practice that binds them to the land they cultivate. In response, the Mexican government sent the army to surround and occupy the towns and villages where support for the Zapatistas is the strongest.

It always takes some time to plan a trip abroad. For Cuffe, however, going to Mexico required even more preparation because she was not going south to be a tourist but to be a human rights observer in communities that support the Zapatista Army of National Liberation (EZLN).

According to the Building Bridges Human Rights Project in Chiapas—the group with which Cuffe went to Mexico—the Mexican government is currently negotiating with the EZLN. The government has agreed to many of the demands of the indigenous people but has yet to implement them.

"The Mexican military and other groups continue to harass the people of the occupied areas with numerous violations of human rights and constant indignities," reads Building Bridges' website. "The communities of Chiapas affected by the conflict have requested the presence of observers to be present in communities and act as Human Rights Observers."

Part of Cuffe's job in Chiapas was to take notes whenever the military or police drove by on the nearby highway. "There were at least four different types [of police]," Cuffe said, "but most did not have visible names on their trucks. Some had uniforms. Some were in civilian clothes." Many of them were heavily armed, she added.

Besides the police, the Mexican army was also present, as were paramilitary groups. For this reason, said Cuffe, observers were not free to wander about. Instead, they had to ask for permission from a community leader before leaving any designated areas. But despite the presence of the armed groups, Cuffe said she felt safe.

On one occasion, she was able to leave her station for a few hours to help weed a community garden. This is also where she baked corn tortillas with Zapatista women.

"Up until then I hadn't seen how people live. I hadn't seen the poverty that people really experience," Cuffe recalls. "There was a huge change from the communal area to the homes. If they didn't have tortillas, maybe some beans, they had nothing to eat."

Besides being a human rights observer, Cuffe also had the opportunity to witness how the Zapatistas are organizing their communities. Each place had one health care promoter, she said, who might work for several years for free. These promoters, she added, are "not relying on pharmaceutical" drugs. Instead, they are learning about the medicines used by the Maya for centuries.

Furthermore, she continued, the health promoters, and others who provide services to the communities such as teachers and members of the local governments, work for free but are provided with food and wood during the time of their services.

Cuffe will be talking about her trip and showing the Zapatista documentary Caracoles Jan. 28 at Café Simpatico, 1923 Fernwood. Doors at 8 p.m. Admission by donation.

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Editorial

Don't piss on our rug, George

It was in 1965 that U.S. President Lyndon Johnson reportedly grabbed Canadian Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson by the lapels of his jacket, shook him in frustration and shouted, "You pissed on my rug!" The alleged incident happened at Johnson's Texas ranch after Pearson voiced his support for a negotiated settlement to the Vietnam War.

There is a history to this animosity between the two nations' leaders. Nixon's Watergate tapes had the president calling Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau an "asshole" (to which Trudeau calmly responded, "I've been called worse things by better people") and Prime Minister John Diefenbaker called JFK a "hothead" and a "boastful son of a bitch."

Thus, it wasn't much of a surprise when a *Washington Post* report surfaced last week, saying that George W. Bush had privately bullied Paul Martin late last year. The president's Nov. 30 visit to Ottawa was intended to be a bit of fence-mending meeting.

The Canadian official who leaked the story said the American secretary of state and national security advisor had assured him that Bush would avoid the subject of missile defence. No such luck.

In a private meeting, Bush leaned across the table and said to Martin, "I'm not taking this position, but some future president is going to say, 'Why are we paying to defend Canada?'"

The official said that Bush dismissed the politics behind the missile defence idea, even as the Canadians tried to explain how difficult it would be to implement. Bush waved his hands and said, "I don't understand this. Are you saying that if you got up and said this is necessary for the defense of Canada it wouldn't be accepted?"

The quotation clearly illustrates the divide between the two cultures. Bush doesn't expect his citizens to think critically about issues: he expects the American public to believe what they're told and to obey what he says.

Bush and his cabinet have outright lied to the world on many occasions—it's actually a surprise now when they tell the truth—and his frustration with the Canadian government's stalling on this issue shows that Bush doesn't comprehend how things work in Canada.

We aren't motivated by fear and intimidation, nor do we seek absolute truth from our leaders.

Canadians know that the missile defence plan is fundamentally flawed, and even though the Liberal party has shown themselves to be ineffective, we should be proud that the PM's aides debated the president on the issue.

We appreciate the fighter jets and nifty war gadgets the Americans would use to help us, should we ever need it, but we don't want to be a part of missile defense. Sorry, George.

There's this terrible irony in a democratic government that pushes the ideal of a world free from tyranny and oppression, yet uses both in order to keep its people in check.

Considering the cold shoulder it's being given by the rest of the world, the United States should consider the importance of holding on to its friends. It may have worked in grade school, but bullying doesn't fly anymore.

For all of the president's talk about liberty, it's awfully bold to tell Canada it should meet on his terms. Please George: don't piss on our rug.

Editorial topics are decided at weekly editorial meetings and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of all staff members.

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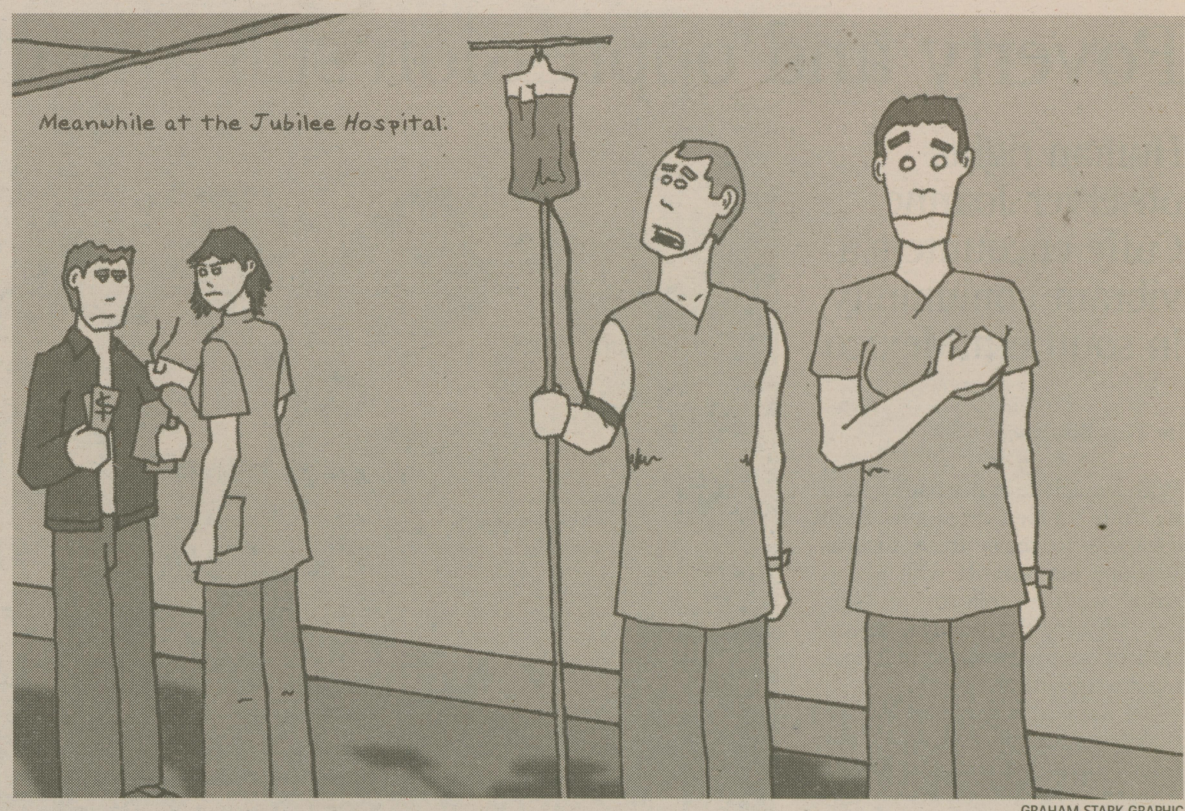

GRAHAM STARK GRAPHIC

"Yup, looks like I got Kool-Aid again... Are you still getting Estrogen?"

LETTERS

Give us condoms!

University students, for the most part, are highly sexed people. They have a lot of sex. Sometimes they have a lot of sex with many different people. Whether or not you agree with the behaviours of these people, it is hard to deny the benefits of condoms. Condoms help prevent pregnancy. Condoms prevent the spread of sexually transmitted infections (STI). Condoms are convenient. Condoms keep people safe and healthy. Sex is still pleasurable when condoms are involved. Health services departments at most other universities distribute condoms to their student patrons free of charge.

However, when I went to the UVic Health Services office and said, "I am interested in acquiring some condoms," I was startled when the person behind the desk responded, "We don't do that." Preventing the spread of STIs and unwanted pregnancies is a cheaper way for healthcare practitioners to keep people healthy than responding after an event of unsafe sex. Therefore, I believe it is in the best interest of UVic students for UVic Health Services to begin to distribute free condoms at the Jack Petersen Health Centre and elsewhere on campus.

Kevin Walby

Local shellfish contaminated by Victoria's poop

Hugh Armstrong's article, "The Truth Behind Victoria's Poop," (*the Martlet*, Jan. 20) raises some valid points about sewage treatment in the Capital Region District (CRD). However, his article misleads readers on several key issues.

Armstrong writes that, "our sewage . . . can only be regarded as fertilizer. Ever eat mushrooms?" I do eat mushrooms. I also eat shellfish, which can no longer be harvested in Greater Victoria. Fisheries and Oceans Canada has placed a sanitary closure on shellfish harvesting that reaches from approximately Sidney to Colwood.

According to Walter Hagen and Phil Wong at Environment Canada, the area is closed partly because of "known or potential contamination from fecal coliform." Wong also confirms that the downtown-area closure is "very large and extends offshore because of the Macaulay and Clover Point sewage discharges." Yet Armstrong claims that our sewage has had no negative effect on fish and our coastal waters.

Armstrong bashes "gullible" environmentalists for berating the CRD's "environmentally friendly" sewage system. I have been called gullible before. I used to wait up for Santa. I used to watch professional wrestling. But do I believe that discharging our provincial capital's raw shit and household toxins into the ocean is an environmentally friendly practice? Sorry. I'm not that gullible.

Kevin Nakanishi

Beavers: time to bow down

by Michelle Martin

Move over beavers, with your fancy little dams and oversized tails. Sure, you received the highest honour ever bestowed upon a rodent when you became Canada's national symbol in 1975. But having a beaver represent our country is almost as absurd as Canada's choice of national sport. I know I've never sat through a lacrosse game.

However, our symbol shouldn't be the proud bald eagle or a menacing grizzly bear. Those choices wouldn't make much sense since Canada isn't an egotistical or aggressive nation. Nope, it's time to change our national symbol to the under-acknowledged walrus.

Ken Alexander, publisher of *the Walrus* magazine is, perhaps, the pioneer of this groundbreaking idea. He said that the beaver should be replaced with a nobler animal, describing it as a fat nuisance that just sat on the surface. "The walrus is a swimmer," he said with a coy smile at a recent journalism conference. He's right. Canadians need to oust the beaver in favour of a more appropriate alternative.

Sure, beavers served an important role in the settlement of Canada, but it was based on the exploitation of Canada's national resources. Beaver fur was a commodity that European merchants used to make fashionable top hats. Canada's national rodent has received more than its fair share of attention for making a splash in Europe's fashion industry.

The beaver has been featured on seven national stamps, the coat of arms for three provinces and the nickel. However, when the beaver was given royal assent in 1975 as a symbol of Canada's sovereignty, Canada took its political efforts to construct a national identity too far. The beaver historically not only links us to European imperialistic expansion, but it also doesn't help our current fight for autonomy from the United States. In fact, the beaver is also the state animal of Oregon.

Even interpreting this buck-toothed rodent as a symbol of the industriousness of Canada's pioneers is outdated. The beaver's perpetual dam building is now often considered a nuisance. For example, in Nova Scotia, beavers dammed watercourses, washing out nature trails. The federal government spent thousands of dollars fixing the problem by buying beaver-proof culverts.

Unlike the beaver, the walrus does not link Canada to its exploited history. It even has several characteristics that mesh well with our nation. Even the most basic interpretation of both animals tilts the scorecard in the walrus's direction. The walrus is a mammal, basically a giant seal, with large sharp tusks and whiskers. A beaver is a rodent, essentially a giant rat—not such a noble image of our nation.

Walruses are masterful swimmers but look pretty clumsy on land. Its scientific name is even Latin for "tooth walking sea horse" because it uses its giant tusks to drag its body along the ice. Like the walrus, Canadians are darn good at what they're made for, whether it be farming the prairies or making the perfect doughnut. With our rough pioneering history, we are not as refined as the British or French. And perhaps, like the walrus, we may even appear a little clumsy and unsophisticated when out of our habitat.

Walruses are social creatures. If one walrus in a herd is attacked, the others will help it fight off the predator. Canada is a relatively socialist country—it looks after its herd with policies like universal healthcare. Beavers, on the other hand, are more individualistic. They look after their immediate family with little concern for the beaver nation. In this way, the beaver's habits seem to better reflect the ideology of our neighbours to the south.

I would be proud to have a walrus as our national symbol. They are large, strong, talented creatures with a thick skin. They are native to Canada and would look darn snazzy on a nickel or on a t-shirt. Sorry, beaver. The spotlight has shifted.

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Martlet
PO Box 3035
University of Victoria
Victoria, BC V8W 3P3

Newsroom/Production: 721-8360
Editors: 721-8361
Advertising: 721-8359/884-7081
Fax: 721-8728

www.martlet.ca
edit@martlet.ca
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Zap's Starbrite paper unethical

Report shows that UVic paper suppliers are linked to human rights abuses abroad

by Jessica Slattery

When I worked for Zap Copy Centre in the Student Union Building last year, I discovered something about its new Starbrite copier paper that will make you think twice about using Zap's copiers.

It caught my attention that Starbrite was made in Indonesia, a country notorious for its controversial logging practices. As an environmental studies student, I knew that in Indonesia, forests contracted by the government to corporations are off-limits to the public and patrolled by security guards. This information gave me a feeling of unease, so I decided to further investigate Starbrite's origins.

I found out that Starbrite paper is supplied to Zap by a company called Unisource and that Unisource receives its paper from the Asian Pulp and Paper Company (APP). APP operates one of the largest paper mills in the world, the Indah Kiat Mill in Indonesia. The wood fibre supplied to Indah Kiat comes from large plantations run by a company called Arara Abadi.

According to a 2003 Human Rights Watch (HRW) report, *Without Remedy: Human Rights Abuse and Indonesia's Pulp and Paper Industry*, APP and its Indonesian suppliers are responsible for many human rights abuses against local community members.

The victims of the abuses are often part of local aboriginal groups whose livelihood has depended upon the first growth forests for many generations. Locals believe that the souls of their ancestors are a part of the forests, and they practice respectful land use. However, these people were kicked off the land with no means to make any sort of land claims. They are now forced to work for the very companies who ruined their way of life.

Many villagers have tried to resist company control over land. The HRW reports that as a result of resistance efforts, Arara Abadi enforcers have attacked many community members.

For example, in 2002, after unsuccessful negotiations between aboriginals seeking compensation and one of APP's suppliers, six men in a car picked up two villagers. One villager escaped. However, the other was badly beaten, stabbed and had his ears cut off. According to HRW, the man was reportedly threatened, "You think you're really something. We'll finish you off. You just keep acting up, and one by one, we'll kill you all." In addition, in February 2001, 52 Indonesians were detained and beaten in connection with the logging practices. Six suffered profusely bleeding head wounds, as well as broken fingers and swollen faces.

If you ask the manager at Zap about APP's human rights record, you may be given their brochure that explains that the company is in line with international standards. While it is true that APP and Indah Kiat are ISO certified, their suppliers are not. Administrative smuggling and bribery of forestry officials are common amongst these companies' suppliers.

Unisource supplies all of UVic's paper and Starbrite is the cheapest choice in their catalogue. As a result, cost-conscious purchasers like Zap are choosing Starbrite. The university's contract with Unisource is up for renewal, and now is the time to tell your student representatives and the university president that you want an affordable and ethical alternative.

Visit www.hrw.org/reports/2003/indon0103/ for more information on human rights abuses and the Asian Pulp and Paper Company.

Reality check for same-sex critics

'It's obvious many Christians disagree with the Vatican's decree'

by Norman Ed Baskerville

Hey Canada, are you ready for the crazies and fear mongers to crawl out of their vacuum-sealed tubes of hate and ignorane?

When the House of Commons reconvenes on Jan. 31, it will consider the same-sex marriage bill put forward by Prime Minister Paul Martin, who announced that he will stake his leadership on defending the right of homosexual couples to wed under Canada's Charter of Rights and Freedoms.

Despite the fact that the law that protects lesbians and gays from discrimination—the Charter of Rights—is the same law that protects religious freedom, the Catholic Church has shown a strong opposition to nationally legalizing same-sex marriage.

Calgary Bishop Frederick Henry wrote in a recent pastoral letter to his diocese that "since homosexuality, adultery, prostitution and pornography undermine the foundations of the family, the basis of society, then the state must use its coercive power to proscribe or curtail them in the interests of the common good."

Well, Henry, if you and your fellow Catholic leaders had spent less time trying to suppress the countless accusations of child molestation by clergymen, you'd have read the Canadian constitution and know that it separates the powers of church and state. And furthermore, if you and other like-minded Catholics ever opened a book other than the Bible, you'd know that in 1969 Prime Minister Trudeau's amendments to the Criminal Code decriminalized homosexuality in Canada— yes, that's right, it's been 36 years since our society has "curtailed" gays and lesbians.

Besides, on Dec. 9, when Canada's Supreme Court ruled that gay marriage was constitutional, the court emphasized that religious officials cannot be forced to perform unions against their beliefs. Yes, and for the record, your beliefs are yours to have and others may not agree.

Quebec Archbishop Marc Cardinal Quellet said in an open letter on Jan. 21 that Canadians should not miscalculate the effect of such legislation: "We must not forget that every law is the expression of a commonly held value that shapes the culture of a society."

The Archbishop should not forget that culture is malleable and ever changing.

Yes, 22 million Canadians identify themselves as being Catholic or Protestant, according to a 2001 Stats Canada census, but polls also consistently show that the majority of Canadians support same-sex marriages. It's obvious many Christians disagree with the Vatican's decree.

Throwing fuel on the fire, Conservative Opposition Leader Stephen Harper appeased his many religious-right supporters by saying that the traditional definition of marriage between a man and woman should be enshrined in law or Canada could be faced with more radical demands, such as legalizing polygamy.

I wonder if he actually knows that polygamy means having more than one spouse at a time. If so, I'd sure enjoy watching him struggle to elaborate on what the hell it has to do with gay and lesbian marriage.

"I think you have to draw the line somewhere," Harper said.

Apparently, for some that line is drawn straight through our Charter of Rights and Freedoms.

Christian, pro-choice and proud: UVic club

Student Christian Movement urges students to vote against Youth Protecting Youth

by Glenys Verhulst and David Ball

Think all Christians are anti-abortion? Think again.

As representatives of the Student Christian Movement (SCM), it makes us angry when we are pigeonholed as anti-abortionists because of our faith. For us, being pro-choice and feminist are deep matters of faith, not incidental aberrations.

Choice is a matter of importance to everyone, but it is especially important to those of us who follow a spiritual path. Religious people who claim a moral monopoly on truth most vehemently attack women's rights.

At the Feb. 10 University of Victoria's Students' Society's (UVSS) general meeting, Youth Protecting Youth (YPY), a campus "pro-life" group, will try to remove our student society's policy of supporting reproductive freedom for women.

Members of the Victoria SCM are standing up for a woman's right to choose and sent a letter to the YPY earlier this month outlining our beliefs about abortion. It said that we believe in the inherent sacred value and worth of all living beings and reject the wanton destruction of life. Also, it said that we would like to see the need for abortions reduced, especially by addressing the poverty and stigma often faced by women considering abortions.

Our pro-choice stance does not mean we are pro-abortion. "I do not think abortion is a good thing—who does?" says Hailey, a pro-choice Catholic in the SCM. "I still support a woman's right to choose until society ensures that all mothers and children are respected, supported and safe."

SCM Canada is a student-led movement that includes students from a spectrum of religious sentiments. It has brought students like us together since 1921 to wrestle with the difficult and urgent issues of the times.

We believe Jesus Christ challenges us to stand with the marginalized, oppressed and stigmatized and we draw on a Bible story to support our controversial stance—namely, when Jesus approached a Samaritan woman. In that day, it was taboo to approach a woman of her race. By doing this, Jesus reached beyond the borders of what was socially acceptable, especially for a religious person. We recognize that the stigma and criminalization of abortion creates hazardous and oppressive conditions for women, and thus oppose moves to ban legal abortion.

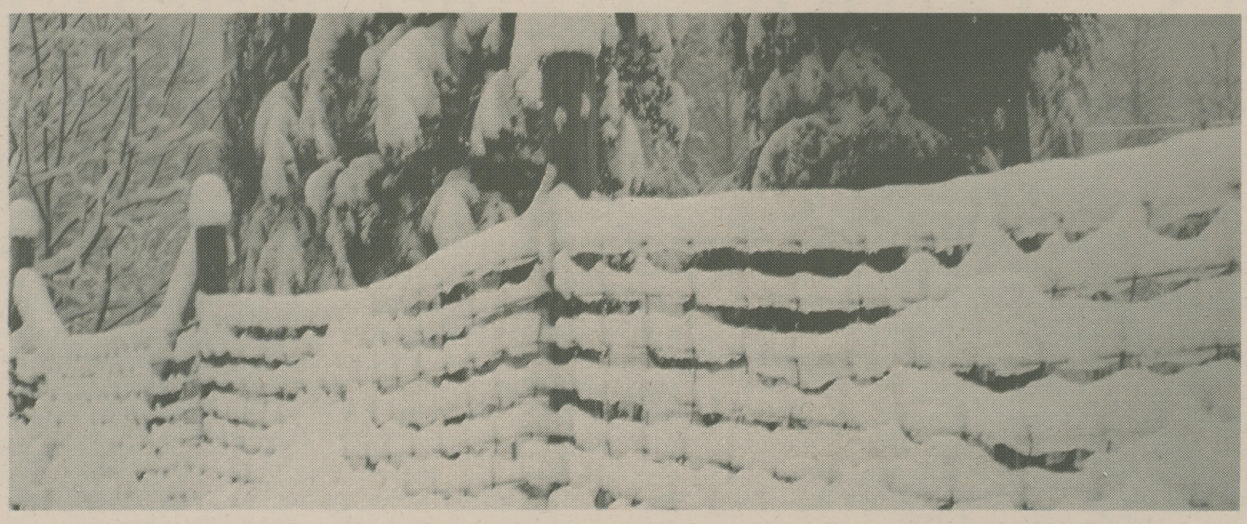
Being Christian for us means not throwing stones at "sinners," but responding to difficult human decisions with transforming love. This love could certainly include choosing to continue with the pregnancy but would never impose that choice on a woman who would find it too much to bear.

"Many people think they would never get an abortion . . . until they need one," explains Jane, an Evangelical/Anglican member of the SCM who had an abortion and wished to have her real name withheld from this article. "That's what happened to me. My child and I would now be trapped in a desperate situation if I hadn't had access."

According to the chair of the UVSS, its pro-choice policy does not prevent the YPY from speaking and having club status, or from bringing pro-life speakers to campus. It does, however, prevent them from harassing students with images from the "pro-life" Genocide Awareness Project that compares abortion to Nazi death camps and other genocides.

To endorse our campaign, visit socialchangenow.ca/scm. There you can also find links to other pro-choice faith groups. To support the UVSS's pro-choice policy, come and vote at its semi-annual general meeting on Feb. 10 in the Student Union Building.

SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND? SHOUT IT OUT TO ALL OF CAMPUS. WRITE OPINIONS edit@martlet.ca



the fug

story by Andrew
photos by Bill

Aaron picks a half a cigarette from the ashtray on the piano, puffs it back to life. Dawn watches him, arms folded, in the doorway. Her foot swings back and forth over the threshold. She almost smiles. But Aaron knows better than to fall for that mouth again. He makes satisfied kissing sounds off his smoke. Somewhere in the bitterness of the nicotine he can taste his liberation.

Her voice floats around him. He turns to the window, but its hum grips him just the same, coiling around his chest and neck, drawing him back around.

Her fingers pull across the bristle of his hair. He lets himself sink into them. He is tired.

The door slams downstairs.

Dawn breathes in his ear. He is in bed, nude beside her. Footsteps knock up the stairs and a little girl shoves the door open.

"Dad, guess what."

"What?" He blinks, thinking what the hell.

"Miss Uric loved our science project. We made the short list for first prize! I'm making a sandwich, want one?" She runs out the door. "And get out of bed you guys." A cool waft displaces the humidity in the room.

An old, stuffed crow points a dusty beak at him. He draws a cigarette from the drawer of the nightstand, and exhales slowly, glad Nat is home. Dawn shifts to the edge of the bed and bends down, the glory of a mother not yet middle aged, and stands to pull up her jeans and panties simultaneously. Her arms pierce skyward through her sleeves.

"How are you Aaron? Better?" she hums, then leaves and locks the door behind her.

"Bitch." He buries his smoke in the ashtray and goes to the window.

Snow has filled the footprints on the sidewalk and drifted over the lawns, folding around the bottoms of hedges and trees. He squints against the white. Everything looks covered. Suddenly he's struck with the image of bodies in the graveyard, lying in their summer suits and dresses, with that cold sinking after them. What inspiring acquiescence. They are as egoless as the soil and the trees and the roofs of the houses; accepting cold and heat and wet like aspects of a single, constant state.

"'Acquiescence is death,'" he quotes, turning to the crow. "'The more alive a thing is, the more actively it protects itself. The more conscious it is, the better it knows the boundaries of its liberty. And the more spirited, the more it seeks to expand and rend the fence that hems it.' Thomas Nichin wrote that. He should know."

He inspects the lighter in his hand, then turns and pitches it hard at the piano. The impact resonates through its body and sends a page of his score drifting from the ledge.

He hadn't added to that composition in over a month. The music simply stopped. Now he loiters in his room waiting for it to start again. He waits every minute of every day, and the piano watches him wait.

His back rests against the cool window frame. The tips of his long fingers drum dry little thuds on the pane.

Downstairs Nat's voice laughs. It squeaks like window glass under pressure. All laughter is that horrible shattering sound. Air suddenly freezes his throat. Wind screams through the broken glass.

Thin arms grab him and tackle him.

Dawn's knees pin him to the floor. Her face looms. Her pressure on his arms sharpens, and his face stings from her repeated slaps.

He inhales, and the screaming stops. The world gradually differentiates into distinct objects. Bodies and furniture reassume their natural shapes and places.

There is broken glass on the floor. The window is smeared with freezing blood. Beyond Dawn's shoulder, Nat whimpers by the door.

"I'm calling for help." Dawn picks up the phone and dials 911.

He must be careful now: she's apparently found him indisposed, on the floor, perhaps screaming. Should he weep? She would doubt his sincerity. Her eyes only barely hide their scrutiny behind a façade of compassion.

"You're not doing well," she says.

He sits up and rubs his arm. It is soaked with blood from the elbow down. There is no pain, only a feeling of cold creeping up from his wrist.

She might betray him in the hospital, commit him. Considering his arm, though, there isn't much choice but to go.

Her eyes dart between him and the window as she talks to the operator. Her speech is barely coherent. If she will betray him, she's not thinking of it now, there on the bed, clasping the little plastic phone. She is too overwhelmed. The stability that usually contains her has melted, and she pours out, as it were, onto the floor. He puts his hand on her knee and blood streams down her calf. If she thinks he can regain his senses then she may not commit him.

The next few hours carry him by stretchers through doorways. Two days after surgery and doctors and nurses persist with their needles and pills. The bandages not off his wrists yet, one nurse brings him flowers and asks for an autograph. A man from the paper came to interview him.

All those parasites: this reporter, Dawn, those pathetic fans with their autographs on scraps of paper. Their drugs and flattery conspire to distract him. Jealous, every one of them, with their needless lives.

The sky through the window is clear blue on the morning he is to be released. Dawn helps him dress. She hums Debussy, seeming to glide about, collecting his things into her plaid overnight bag. Her voice irons the rifts and leaps in the music's time. In her mouth it becomes a single melodic line, robbed of its dear complexity.

As she tucks him into their bed at home he watches her play her game of trivializing. She brings him codeine on a Bunnykins plate beside some grilled fish and a glass of wine. She sits down at the piano and starts to play the fugue St. Anne. His 'big audition piece,' they called it. She had got him the audition for a competition at Massey Hall. The night he heard he was accepted, he proposed to her. Bach's weaving strands of melody lift Dawn beyond all suspicion. She has been supportive and encouraging to him. There was still a chance they might come together again.

After his cast is removed he goes to physiotherapy twice a week. She drives him to the hospital for these and waits for him in the lobby. Therapists bend his wrist and pull on his fingers, which only bend at the first knuckle. A month since the incident and almost no improvement.

When he asks his surgeon why, she starts to rummage nervously for nothing in her top drawer. "Your wife requested she be allowed to tell you. But since she hasn't yet, then I will." She pauses. "Broken glass cuts like a serrated edge. It caused a lot of damage even to the tendons it didn't sever. They will heal, but they will never give you the same range of motion you had. In fact, it is doubtful your flexibility will improve much beyond the current level." Her clear nail pointed to a flat line on a graph.

"And the piano?"

"Your left hand is fine, of course, and you have full use of the thumb and index finger of your right hand..."

Aaron stands. And finding himself standing, he turns and walks out the door.

The surgeon calls after him. "Aaron, keep on with the physiotherapy. Patients often exceed our prognoses."

The elevator door closes. Numbers count down, as though to something eventful at zero. But they open into the sterile waiting room. His footsteps knock off the walls and

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necrophilic posters of bisected lungs. Wheelchairs, gurneys and molded plastic seats provide the only definition in the space. Figures slump there, folded and unmoving, or rocking slightly. The far glass wall is charged with sun off the parking lot snow. Dawn sits there; a silhouette, reading.

"How'd it go?" she says, stuffing her book in her bag. He winces a kind of smile and walks through the sliding glass door. She follows. She talks all the way home. He says nothing, only fidgets with his stiff, numb fingers. For the next two days he stays in his room, as always, with the silent piano against the wall, and the repaired window. The only evidence that any of that day happened are the scars up his arm and his useless hand.

He's neither looked nor spoken to her since the day at the hospital. She tried asking him what the matter was but eventually gave up. Perhaps she guessed at what he knew. But it gradually mattered less and less, until, in his quiet, he almost forgot her entirely.

Days of brooding flow over him, carrying fragments of memories of things she had said, bits of uncovered secrets, questions, like how long she will keep him locked away, and what she wants from him. Then there was the window. He remembers only waking up, and finding it broken and his arm slashed. How far will she go to make him completely dependent on her?

During those days she tries not to bother him with visits, coming in only to leave food and medicine, always locking the door behind her. He only lies still, staring at the ceiling, waiting for more fragments of memories to come to him. Inevitably, some recollections do come and shimmer in the white space of the ceiling. He holds each and turns it in his mind's eye, considering its form and consequence from every perspective. It gains in definition and mass as he comes to know it more, and grows heavy. Once he knows it completely, it sinks down to him and bursts, dusting him with the silt of exhumed resentment. One after another, every trivial ambiguity between himself and Dawn covers him. Their combined weight compresses the sediment into a complete and perfect understanding of her awful tyranny. Finally he comes to see she will only let him go over her dead body.

The crow cocked its head.

Outside, snow drifts like a baby's blanket. Every leafless twig balances a glistening string of snow down its back. He will have to train his mind to murder. He starts by meditating on the texture and bloody juice of rare steak. Chewing through the slack tissue, he imagines the cow in its pasture, swishing flies with its tail. He sees it dragged by the neck into the stocks at the packing plant and sucks from the warm muscle the juice of its meek resistance. At first there is little progress, but as his imagination strengthens, he begins to grow sick from the smell of Dawn cooking downstairs. The nausea intensifies into terror.

He spends more and more time at the window, now frozen shut. The sky extends past the window frame out over the valley, over snow-covered farmland and cities, lakes and oceans.

Then, a single bird drops from the dome of the sky and sinks belly deep in the powder snow covering the yard. It pokes about, a bit lost. Another bird lands in the tree above it, not knowing the first is there. Two questions. A third lands in the snow and a fourth, too, before they notice one another's tracks. Cautiously, the first approaches the fifth, and the third chirps between them; a glottal, but open song. Another joins that song, then another.

Aaron leaps to the piano and plays the first bird's note. As it diminishes, he plays the second bird's song, and third, and gradually brings them together. Their little, afraid song swells in confidence. They spiral around the tree and fly wide arcs over the house. Their small number grows as other birds hear them and join. Then still more, coming from farther and farther away, join the expanding flock. Now in the hundreds, the amorphous collective weaves, bloats, thins and fires. One uber-bird flashing as it veers over the blanketed houses and fruitless trees. Aaron's fat heart slams about behind his ribs like his thick fingers on the keys. His body rocks, following the course of the flock. Big fat music blasts the long frozen air.

The key cover slams across his fingers.

It's Dawn. "What the hell are you doing? Can't you hear your fingers?" She is wrapped in a towel. Her curls writhe and spit in his face.

"Get out! Lock the door!" He raises the lid, not waiting to see if she left, and holds his hands over the keys.

But the space between the tips of his fingers and the white bones is infinite again. Void. He closes his eyes. The birds have gone; only wind hisses through grey branches. He lunges at her. Grabs her wet head and smashes it against the edge of the piano with a satisfying split. Again and again. The wetness of her hair warms. And again. The rest of her dangles from the head, arms swinging in a slow dance. He drops her and collapses by the bed, soaked, panting, listening to the diminishing gong in the piano.

He opens his eyes into the silence of the room. He is alone. Where the body should be is nothing. From the centre of that silence, something snaps like a snare. Everything in the room exhales with him, all but for one thin breath at the door.

Nat stands, barely filling a quarter of the frame. He walks past her and takes her hand. She goes with him downstairs, puts on her boots and coat beside him, and follows him into the car. They drive for almost an hour before she asks him, "Where's mom?"

"Not sure," he says.

She turns to the window. The road winds between the old houses that border the fields. It never stops, the road, it just slides through traffic lights and onwards up, joining with other roads; changing names perhaps, but that's not the road's concern. It is simply road and there is no pause or end to it. A single sprawling web over the globe, all of it humming under his wheels.

There's music in every inch of it too. Solos of farm houses and fences skipping into harmonies of towns, great metropolitan symphonies. And his three stiff fingers point at them all, unbending over top the wheel. For so long his life depended on them, and now they're useless. Dead, and impossible to escape. He will have to see them every day for the rest of his life, forever pointing at what he'll never be. And every time he looks down, they'll point that little accusation at him. The image of Dawn, crazed on the phone, came back to him. How pathetic he thought she was then, but now it might as well have been him there on the brink of tears, faced with the shell of a love that once gave reason to a senseless life.

He pulls over and slides out from under Nat's ankles across his lap. She doesn't stir. Outside, under the clear night, a yellow line cuts across the horizon. He goes around to the back of the car and takes a hatchet wrapped in a thin blanket from the trunk. He climbs through the grassy ditch to a fence post, puts his right hand on it, measures, and swings. He plunges his bloody hand into the blanket packed with snow. His remaining fingers curl in fright. The hatchet sticks in the post with his dead fingers, dripping blood. Charged by the pain he gets back in the car and drives. Nat still lies curled on the seat, now sprinkled with blood. Just as dawn begins to define the hills around the valley, Aaron's headlights swing into the laneway. There is a light on in the living room, and a shadow passes by the window.

Art Ed profs show the goods

Who: Art Education Faculty
Where: The Maltwood Gallery
When: Until Feb. 24

by Melanie Law

The Maltwood—the tranquil, inviting and often empty art gallery in UVic Centre—is displaying the 25th annual Art Education Faculty Exhibition from now until Feb. 24.

This year, in addition to showing current faculty members' works, they are also exhibiting the work of Marion Small, a former art education faculty member who died in 2003. Small's artwork includes some abstract pieces with layered geometric shapes and strong colour schemes, and some charcoal and watercolour paintings that depict the sweeping clear skies and contrasting yellow fields of her childhood home on the prairies.

Also exhibited are William Zuk's prints, sculptures and mixed media pieces. Zuk's eight-foot floor installation, titled *Celebration of the Arts*, is prominently displayed in the room. Zuk explained that it took 100 hours to complete. The process included "drawing, gridding to enlarge, making large cardboard templates, using digital explorations, selecting cherrywood veneers, and sawing with precision tools, as well as gluing and staining to obtain natural colours." The elegant piece, depicting contoured dancing figures, is a precursor to a water fountain sculpture planned for the West Shore Arts Council in Langford.

Zuk's other works included in the exhibition are variations of the dancing figures and use a variety of techniques, truly celebrating the diversity of art.

Robert Dalton has a large collection of themed collages appearing in the Maltwood. He says his theme of fantastical spacecrafts and planetary images came from his "fascination for bad photography—the kind that often comes from space exploration."

"[Space images often] need to be digitally enhanced and patched together to create a panorama," he says, explaining the fragmentation of the images. "It's hard to know how faithful the image really is."

Dalton's chosen medium, collage, gets to the heart of this idea by using colours and textures from different magazine photographs to create a new image, one that is simultaneously coherent and disjointed. Dalton also adds humour to his collages, showing that art can be thought-provoking without being completely serious all the time. "Some of the landing craft look like toasters with rocket jets. They couldn't possibly fly, yet they do in my pictures," he says. "It's a gentle spoof of science and photography, and a reminder that what makes us human is our spirit of adventure."

In a similar spirit, Stan Horner's works, *Arteology 2: Totem unearthed from a James Bay garden* and *Arteology 3: Assemblage, unearthed from a James Bay garden* are photographs of totems assembled from found items. "The totem was actually assembled using all the items that I unearthed in my newly acquired James Bay garden," says Horner. "The discoveries were so prolific that, following along in the tradition of an archaeological dig, I started to save the items as a collection." The totem includes an amazing range of mud-encrusted objects like toy cars, miscellaneous metal items and tools.

MELANIE LAW PHOTO

UVic professor William Zuk shows his sculpture *Celebrating the Arts 2* at the Maltwood Gallery.

For the Maltwood exhibition, Horner photographed the totem, as the actual installation is difficult to transport. A small magnifying glass is attached to the framed photo.

Horner explains, "Since *Totem 2* is kept at a level of inexpensive snapshots, a spyglass offers interactivity as the basis of the enlargement of the images without having to resort to the making of actual enlargements." This seemed a fun way to let the viewer feel part of the art experience.

On a more serious note, Horner's *Crypt 1: For the Unbeknownst Masses* and *Crypt 2: For Unbeknownst Soldiers* emerged from his "responses to the current situations of soldiers in the Iraq war and to the massive loss of human life and settlement in Asia." *Crypt 1*, a large-scale acrylic painting, is a dark, angular perspective image that gives a sense of endless grey confusion. *Crypt 2* is a small plastic container filled with shelves of plastic soldiers, each isolated in its own compartment and holding the same stance as its neighbour, with its back to the viewer.

The exhibition is an eclectic amalgamation of the work of art educators. Other artists whose works are on display are Don Bergland, Ron Graham, Helen Ormiston Smith, Kathy A. Collis, Walter Dexter, Ronald C. Smith and Caren Willms. The media used is as diverse as the subject matter, running the gamut from computer-savvy digital images to classic clay sculpture.

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'Anyone can identify with themes of love'

Who: The Hidden Cameras, with guests
When: Wednesday, Feb. 2, doors at 7 p.m.
Where: Central Bar & Grill
How Much: $15

by Megan Drysdale

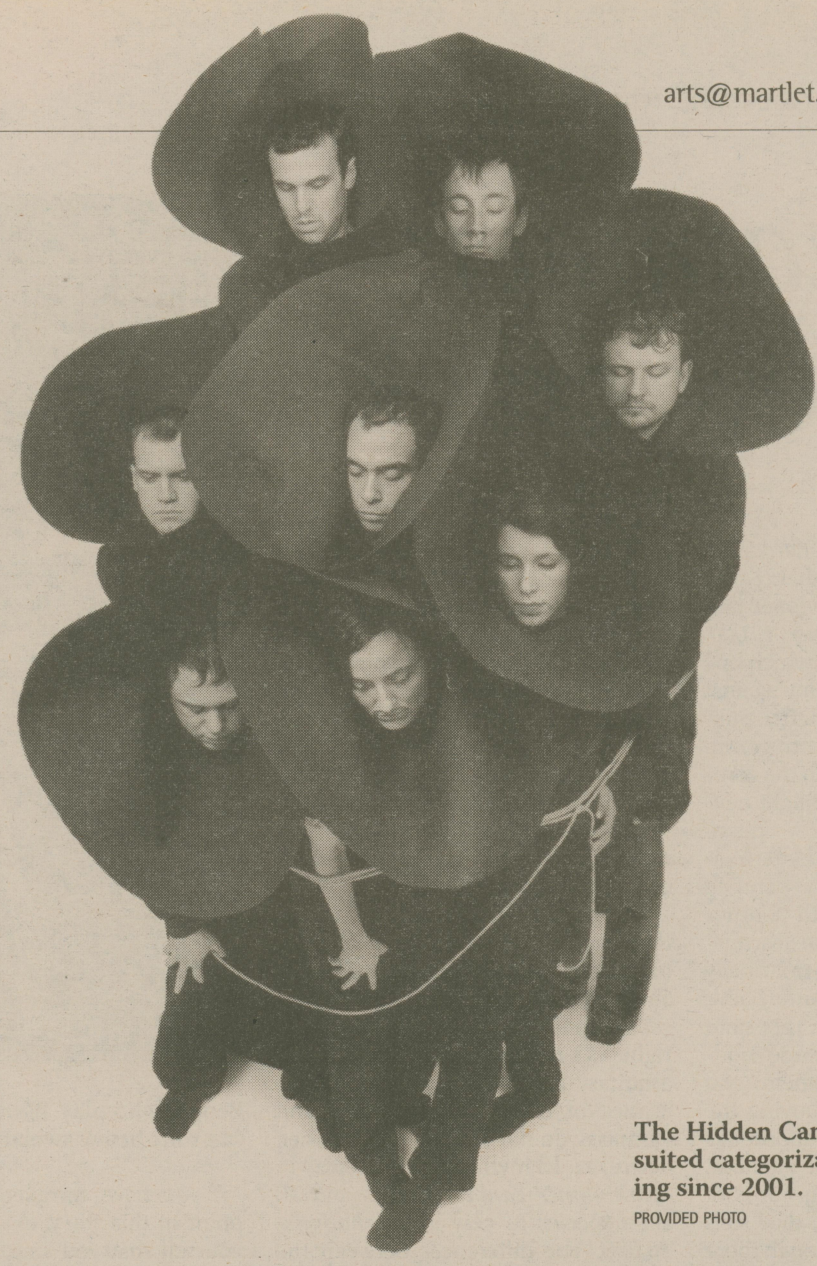
At last year's Hidden Cameras show at Open Space Gallery, Joel Gibb and company reigned with religious fervour over a cheerfully engrossed all-ages crowd. The music evoked playtime and sitting in church with grandma and grandpa. The crowd followed in what looked like a half-baked Macarena: paper streamers pitched and retrieved, coupled with general hip-shaking-induced exhaustion. These lucky few proved they were willing to follow a new messiah of lovelorn cathedral pop on the search for peace, love and understanding. And now they want you in their mild-mannered army.

Signed to the U.K.'s Rough Trade, and with a new album, *Mississauga Goddam*, the Hidden Cameras were generating buzz long before they were signed. The Toronto-based group, which started out as Gibb on a four-track with a guitar, has expanded to a full band of regular contributors who don't always record or travel with Gibb. Gibb remains the decided leader and the only constant of the band. "I need to have it be my band because I have a lot to say," says Gibb.

The music is sweetly seductive but manages to blindside you as you hum along. Their church-folk-pop is a means to talk about commitment ("Ban Marriage"), playing music ("Music Is My Boyfriend") and enemas ("I Want Another Enema"). Wait, is he really singing about enemas? Yes, yes, he is.

"[The music] is very pleasant to listen to. [You] might have heard us on the radio [without really hearing] the lyrical content," Gibb says. Through pop melodies, the Hidden Cameras have been able to say more about gay relations than any other popular band. Gibb accuses many other gay artists of speaking in abstractions. Alternately, he abstracts nothing in "The Man That I Am With My Man," with lyrics like "He is peeing on my shoulders and knees / Warm, wet yellow breeze."

"I'm beyond thinking and caring at all [about shock factor], and I put a lot of care into what I do," says Gibb. "With heterosexual artists, they're singing from a straight perspective. I expect someone to look at my music the same way, that I'm not singing into a void. Anyone can identify with themes of love in universal ways."



The Hidden Cameras have inspired ill-suited categorization and critical fawning since 2001.
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Warhammer: the new crack

by Ford Walker

I hate to admit it, but I'm a nerd. And one of the worst kinds at that: I play Games Workshop's *Warhammer* and its sci-fi cousin, *Warhammer 40,000*. Both are tabletop games in which one opponent pits his model army against another to prove who is a better military leader. I feel I should come clean and admit my nerdiness with the complete understanding that I might never get laid again.

What is a tabletop game? After collecting hundreds of models, spending hours painting them with Games Workshop paints, and then learning the tome full of rules, players finally get to sit down and play a game. I have probably spent more than a thousand hours of my youth putting these models together and painting them, and I've spent enough money buying the models that I could have afforded a car. Each game lasts about an hour, though some have lasted upwards of five or six. Much like *Risk*, dice rolls determine the game play, though there are many factors that contribute to the outcome of the dice rolls. *Warhammer* is a shit-load of fun, but then again, so is heroin (and smack is probably cheaper and less addictive, too).

So how does a gamer have time to paint and play while juggling a social life and attending classes? It must be possible, since most of the staff down at Games Workshop on Johnson Street attend either UVic or Camosun. There is also an active gaming club on campus that has a few regular students who play. Of course, the hobby is a bit less time consuming once you've got your army together and only play once or twice a week. Being a student gamer also means that once student loans come in, I have to wrestle with the notion of either paying next month's rent or buying that nifty model that just came out.

Now some of you might be thinking that this doesn't sound too nerdy. After all, I'm not locking myself in my apartment to play *Everquest* or *Dungeons and Dragons*. Okay, you're right—it's not that nerdy. But it is still a fantasy-based game in which huge armies of elves, dwarves, orcs and vampires do battle with one another. There are 13 mythical races to play in *Warhammer Fantasy Battles* and 10 alien species to play in *Warhammer 40,000*. The differences between the species and races rely mainly on the type of tactics they use. In *Warhammer*, players can use magic, and in *40,000*, the ability of psychics comes into play. It's a wickedly dense universe of fun and interesting stories and background.

PROVIDED IMAGE

People who play *Warhammer* can't lift heavy swords.

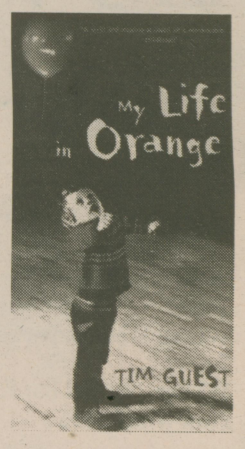
If you have completely missed the point of this story, or are thinking to yourself that you simply aren't nerdy enough for *Warhammer*, you can stop by Games Workshop to play a demo game, which will only take 15 minutes. The games are loads of fun, but like any gateway drug they can only lead to harsher abuses of gaming.

Be forewarned.

Growing up orange

My Life in Orange
By Tim Guest
Granta Books

by Rebecca Peric



Imagine living in a world where there are not two parents per child, but hundreds. Where kids run around freely without strict supervision from adults. A world with days full of chants and meditation, where everyone dresses completely in orange. As fictional as it sounds, this was how Tim Guest spent part of his childhood.

My Life in Orange is an account of Guest's childhood in the early 1980s, growing up in Bhagwan's various communes in England, the United States, India and Germany. Bhagwan, a famous Indian "guru," advocated a life full of Eastern spirituality, therapy and sexual freedom.

At the age of six, Guest moved with his mother to a commune in Suffolk. Here is where he started living as "Yogesh" (one of the names of God), as everyone in the communes was given a Sanskrit name.

Guest, or "Yogesh" as he was then called, and the other children of the communes were wild. While their parents were finding enlightenment, they were exploring the grounds, getting into mischief, and, aside from the few basic chores and duties they had, doing basically whatever they wanted to do.

Life in the commune was too simple for too short a time. Bhagwan's communes were seen by many as cults, and the U.S. government began investigating Bhagwan and his followers.

In *My Life in Orange*, Guest goes back and reawakens the memory of a faith in the West's recent cultural history. From a child's perspective, he writes about everything that happened, from the adults' strange behaviour to the wonders he discovered.

It is a beautifully written memoir. Guest recounts his childhood in precise detail, without sounding like a biography, while portraying the feelings he felt as a child. *My Life in Orange* is a true-life story of a young boy living in two different worlds while becoming a young man.

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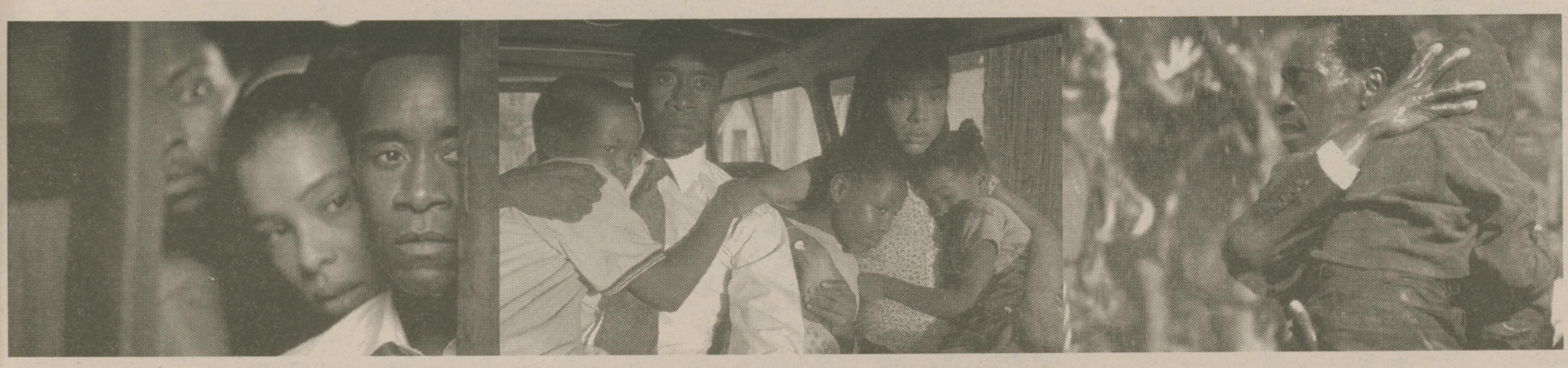


Don Cheadle, Nick Nolte and Joaquin Phoenix star in Terry George's *Hotel Rwanda*. Cheadle was nominated on Tuesday for an Academy Award for his portrayal of hotel owner Paul Rusesabagina.
PROVIDED PHOTOS

Rwandan crisis inspires stirring cinema

by Stephanie Bowen

In the span of 100 days in 1994, more than 800,000 Rwandan men, women and children were slaughtered in a brutal civil war.

Though the United Nations was present at the outset of the crisis, which escalated into full-blown genocide, the West did absolutely nothing to help persecuted Rwandans. *Hotel Rwanda*, a new film by Terry George, offers the briefest of glimpses into the atrocities experienced throughout those three months, and it also showcases the courage of one man who saved the lives of over a thousand refugees from death at the hands of the country's machete-wielding militia.

Paul Rusesabagina is the manager of the Belgian-owned Hotel Mille Collines in Kigali, Rwanda. He caters to the whims and fancies of the hotel's wealthy European and North American guests, as well as Rwandan officials who are as high up as they are corrupt. At first he is not interested in the nation's turbulent politics or the fighting between Rwanda's two major tribes, the Hutus and the Tutsis. He applies himself to his work with barely believable zeal, setting up an unavoidable shift in character.

As the situation worsens and the killing begins, Paul watches with disbelief as the Eurocentric bubble he occupies is penetrated by hate, violence and Western ambivalence. The country's president is assassinated by Tutsi rebels, and as Hutus begin to enact their revenge, Paul must turn his cherished five-star hotel into a refugee camp to house displaced and terrified Tutsis. Adding to the situation is the overhanging knowledge that Paul's wife and children are of Tutsi descent and at high risk. Using every trick in the book, Paul manages to preserve the well-being of his motley crew of guests and deliver them to safety, though the road is long and fraught with close calls.

Though based on true events, *Hotel Rwanda* is obviously constructed to tug at some serious heartstrings and, like Paul, uses every available trick. But perhaps rightly so. One thing the film hammers into the audience is the fact that the Tutsi people of Rwanda were utterly abandoned by the international community at a time of incredible need. Arguably the most moving moment in the film occurs when French and Belgian forces arrive, but only to remove non-Rwandan (read: white) guests from the hotel. The contrast is enormous: we see a bus full of white guests, white missionaries and white diplomats as they prepare to return to safety, staring at a huge cluster of black Rwandans left on the hotel steps. No one is moving, no one is speaking, but the force of the implied racism is shattering. If the film does anything, it provides a necessary reminder that racial prejudice is still very much a problem.

Hotel Rwanda, though biased and emotive, is not strictly propaganda. The violence in the film comes and goes swiftly, unannounced, recreating the uneasiness of the situation. But in between the despair, there are light moments. Though it falls back on a standard tragic formula, the film simultaneously manages to celebrate hope. We see a road filled with Tutsi corpses, we hear about the murder of Tutsi orphans, and we constantly fear for the lives of those on screen. But we also rejoice at their small triumphs.

Educational and emotional, *Hotel Rwanda* goes far, far beyond the realm of mere entertainment. It should not be missed.

Tal Bachman battles *The Power of Beef*

Pigmy Love Circus
The Power of Beef
Go-Kart Records

by Kevin Nakanishi

As with the other members of Tool, drummer Danny Carey has a reputation for being smart. Tool opuses like *Aenima* allowed music critics to use words like "art-metal" and "prog" without irony. The guy even arranges his drums according to a mathematical equation.

Unfortunately for Tool fans, Carey's side project, Pigmy Love Circus, is an entirely different beast.

The album name says it all: *The Power of Beef* sounds like a four-man gun convention.

Singer Michael Savage bellows and roars through 11 tracks like the bull depicted on the cover, and his bandmates pound away accordingly.

PROVIDED IMAGE

Tool's Danny Carey drags his knuckles with Pigmy Love.

Knuckle-draggers like "Drug Run to Fontana" and "12 Gauge Kiss" are guaranteed to bring out your inner caveman. Unfortunately, *The Power of Beef* never improves on the opener, "Livin' Like Shit," in which Savage screams, "I've got 20-pound fists and balls made of steel!" In concert, these guys are probably a riot, but this album starts to grate on the ear about halfway through. Like any other circus, this act is meant to be experienced live.

Tal Bachman
Staring Down the Sun
Sextant

by David Karp

Remember that one-hit-wonder who sang "She's So High?" You know, "She's so high, high above me, she's so lovely"? The song covered by Kurt Nilsen for World Idol?

That one-hit-wonder is B.C.-boy Tal Bachman, and he's back with his second CD, *Staring Down the Sun*. It's loaded with catchy, pop-rock tunes, and it's fun to hum along to, but don't expect any real depth.

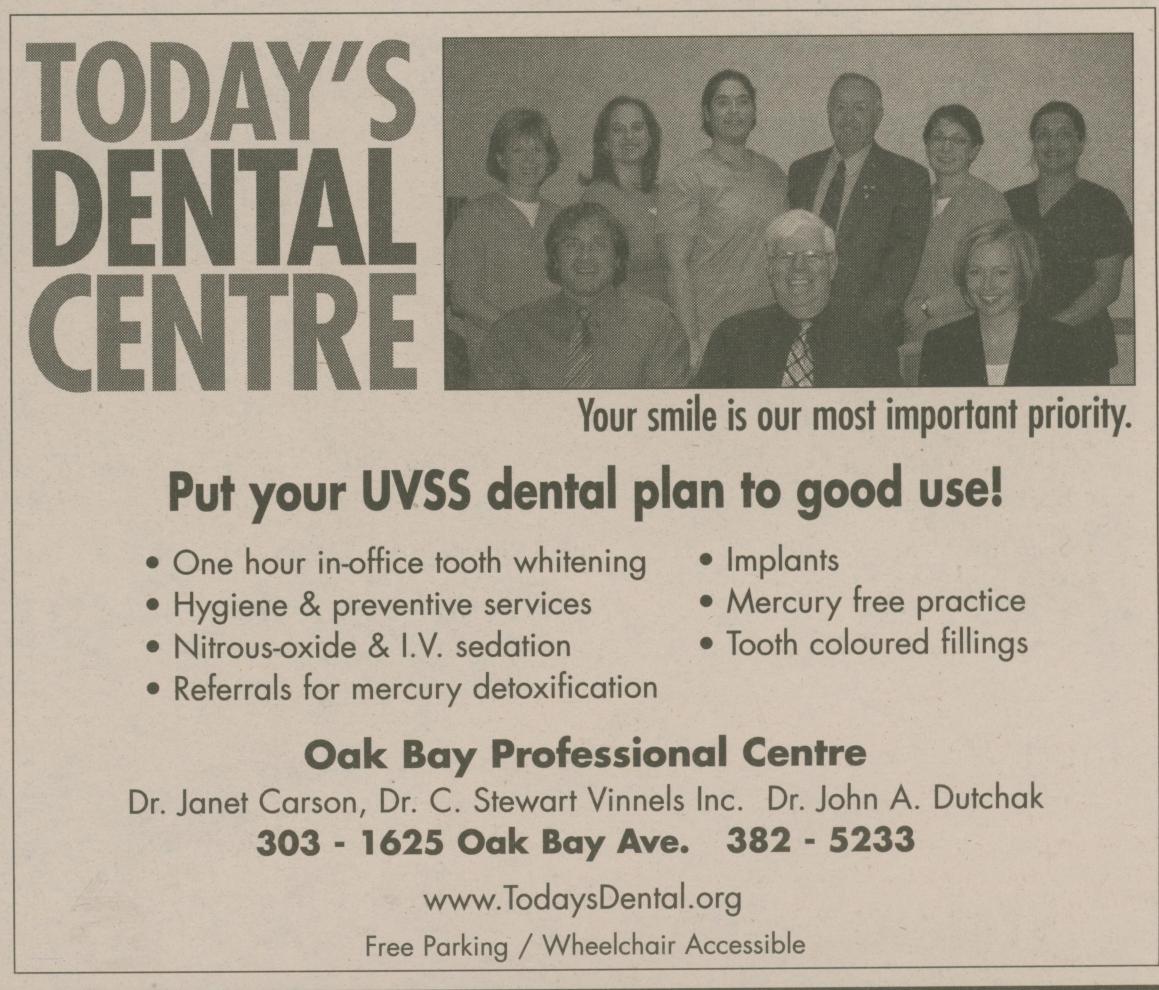
PROVIDED IMAGE

The Bachman-spawn one-hit wonder returns with the same hit, "She's So High."

The son of Guess Who guitarist Randy Bachman, Tal took five years off between albums because of problems with his old record label. During his time off, he examined his religion, eventually rejecting his Mormon faith. He made *Staring Down* at his home on nearby Sal Spring Island, recording all the tracks himself.

Many of the songs on the CD are mediocre, but the disc does feature a phenomenal, relaxing ballad, "Aeroplane," which is one of those songs that makes you want to get out of your room and do something. "Broken" also has a catchy chorus that's fun to sing in the shower. "Danger by Design" features one of the best keyboard riffs and solos I've heard recently, but the rest of the song is disappointing.

And for everyone who just wants to hear "She's So High," the record includes a live version of the song as a bonus track.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'Fair and balanced,' my ass

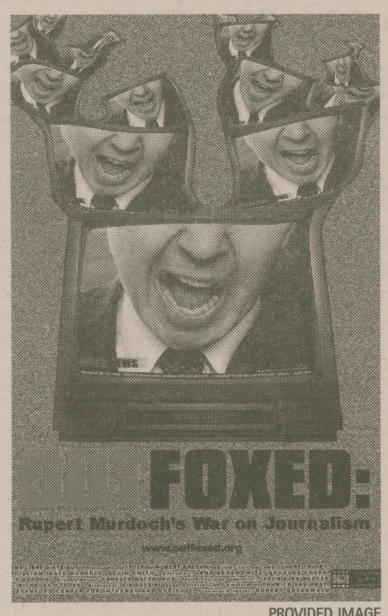
OutFoxed
Directed by Robert Greenwald
Carolina Productions

by Graham Stark

In *Fahrenheit 9/11* Michael Moore used the shotgun approach to impeaching America, firing out in a wide burst to hit as many different topics as he could. Now, documentary filmmaker Robert Greenwald comes in with a precision rifle to pick off the ones that survived.

OutFoxed is one of many docs Greenwald has produced and directed that delve deeper into points that Moore leaves unexplored. As the name might suggest, *OutFoxed* deals specifically with the supposedly "fair and balanced" reporting of the Fox News Service.

Through the much-publicized feud between Fox's Bill O'Reilly and the *Globe and Mail*'s John Doyle, most Canadians now have a pretty good idea what Fox is about, and despite their claim of "we report, you decide," it is generally considered to be a very right-weighted station.



PROVIDED IMAGE

Greenwald focuses his satire on Fox News Service's "irresponsible journalism."

OutFoxed slams Fox on its reporting tactics, its irresponsible journalism, and Fox CEO Rupert Murdoch's personal war on any politics with which he doesn't agree. Testimonials from former Fox employees combined with hard evidence show Fox for what it really is: biased misinformation.

Some stats compiled from unrelated surveys show that over 60 per cent of Fox viewers believe that weapons of mass destruction were found in Iraq, compared to five per cent of viewers of NPR and NBC.

The documentary also focuses on Bill O'Reilly, host of *The O'Reilly Factor* and one of Fox's best-known faces, and their most rabid representative. *OutFoxed* has its humorous parts of course, one of which features O'Reilly claiming that the term "shut up" has never been used on air, followed by a montage of him telling everyone from reporters to guests on his show to "shut up." He also pulls everything from "cut their microphone" to "get off my show," and after one interview, Fox producers asked a guest to leave quickly for fear that the enraged O'Reilly may assault them.

Don't prepare yourself to be impressed by theatrical presentation on the scale of Moore's *Fahrenheit*, though. Greenwald's film is all about hard facts, not emotional sympathy.

In fact, the titles and captions appear decidedly low-budget, but then, that's not what the movies about.

Waking Eyes slowly peel your socks off

The Waking Eyes
Video Sound
Coalition

by Matthew Wilson

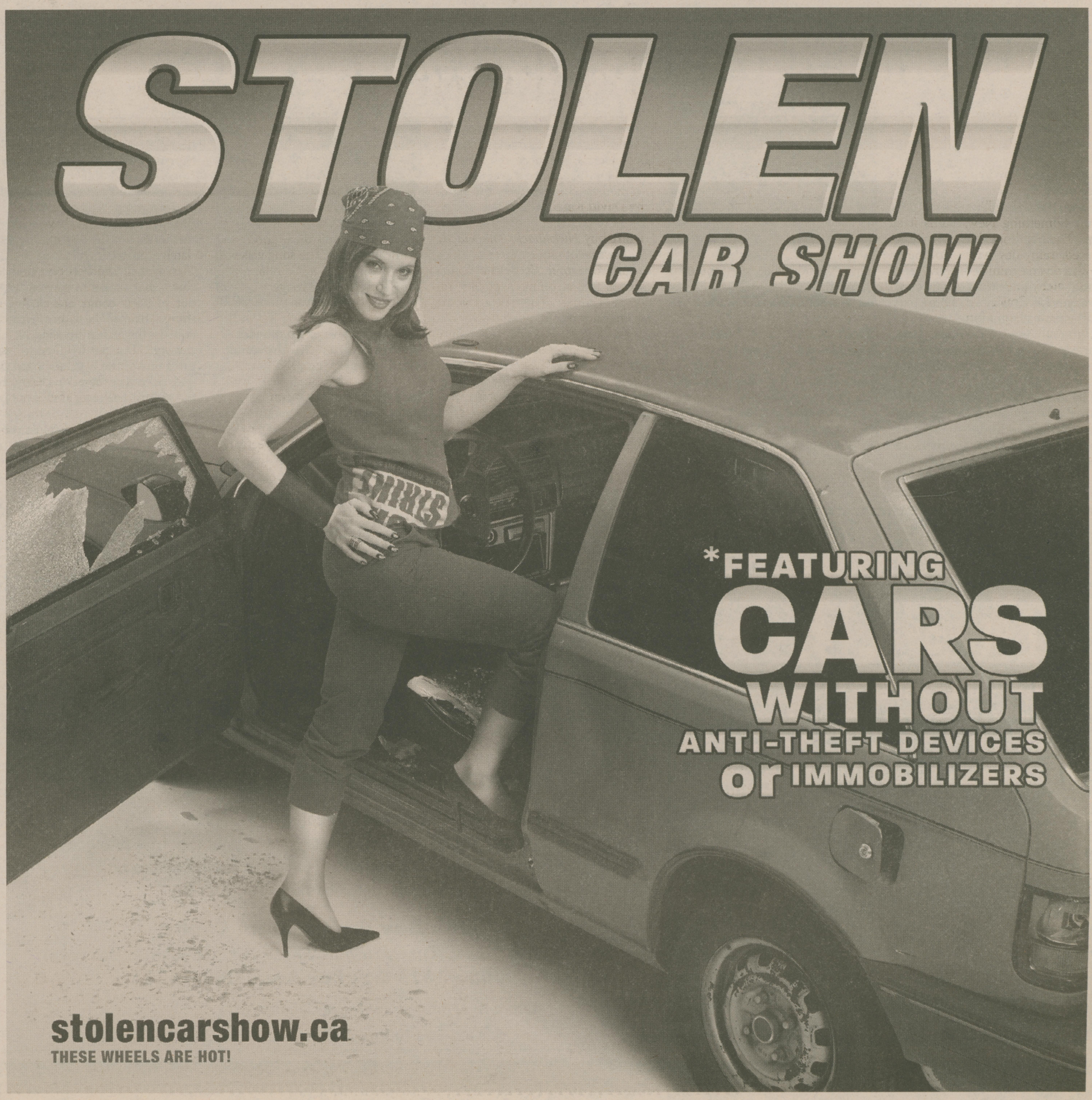
There's this genre that's been called the "rock revival." It's the return to standard riffs and guitar bursts that remind us of the good old days when AC/DC were on top of the world. This is where the Waking Eyes fall as far as categorization, but I hesitate to compare them to the creators of "Thunderstruck" and "Money Talks."

Video Sound is a good title for the album because it's simple and basic, much like the songs. Take that description however you like it, but the Waking Eyes provide a pretty standard rock album that could be seen as quite derivative. Listening to *Video Sound* is like mixing the Odds sound with the incessant yelps and yeahs of Jet's lead singer.

You've definitely heard the first poppy, jumpy single "Watch your Money" if you've been anywhere near a radio in the last year, and the second single, "Beginning," is starting to get radio play on Canadian stations.

Witnessing the Waking Eyes open for the Trews late last year, I can say that they have a lot of energy on stage. They get as fired up as singer/guitarist Matt Peters' red afro, which is huge. But their music doesn't hold enough originality to hail *Video Sound* as a great album. Unfortunately, this return to straight-up rock and roll, if not done right, can be redundant and boring.

Video Sound won't knock your socks off. It may just remove them slowly.



BAND PROFILE | MAGNETA LANE

Toronto trio set to trump Hasselhoff

by Sacha Narine

Lexi Valentine admits to watching *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* "back in high school," which wasn't long ago for the 20-year-old singer and lead guitarist of Toronto rock trio Magneta Lane. She's the fast-talking frontwoman of a lauded new band, but Lexi's not a rock star yet.

Released on Paper Bag Records, the group's first EP, *The Constant Lover*, offers six burning, secretly effusive rock tracks like "Medusa" and "Their Party Days."

Valentine's voice rings of Jello Biafra—but hot and female. With Nadia King on drums and French (just French) on bass, Magneta Lane pushes their way through a short, intense set to end a Friday night at Suburbs, one of Edmonton's rock havens.

Their stage presence isn't all there just yet, but their talent is undeniable. Together only a year, the trio has blazed its way to the status of indie rock wunderkind after signing to the same label as Death From Above 1979. Jess from DFA is set to produce Magneta's first full-length album.

"We're into Controller. Controller, Death From Above, Tangiers and other great Toronto bands," says Valentine. On tour with The Mark Inside, the girls have been laughing along to *Napoleon Dynamite*, with *Zoolander* as another travel necessity.

In a bar full of mod kids and rockers, spiderweb elbow tats and biomech half-sleeves, the three stand out in their unripped tights and skirts, high-heel shoes and fitted tops. None of the girls are modded—not a single tattoo, not a labret or a septum, not even a stretched lobe in sight. "We're not saying they're not feminine. We just don't feel that we need tattoos [or piercings]." Nadia wears a hyper-stylish white '80s blazer, as seen in the Brandon Flowers' guide to rock fashion.

Having just wrapped up their West Coast tour at Vancouver's Picadilly Pub, the group has yet to play Victoria. But they're still young.

Valentine deals with the age question swiftly: "Young people are always complaining. We're young . . . but we're not complaining."

The Suburbs crowd is small but loud, and happy to be seeing Magneta Lane. The sound is crisp and the bass drum thunders through the stage into the floor four feet below. My knees vibrate with each beat and, for a moment, Valentine's voice conjures fond memories of Sleater-Kinney.

Magneta Lane has fantastic potential. With the right crowd fuelling them, Lexi, French and Nadia could be a new live standout in Canadian indie rock. And under the tutelage of Death From Above 1979, the group can't be far from becoming exalted cult figures in some random European country, à la Hasselhoff in Germany—but with less chest hair and more rock.

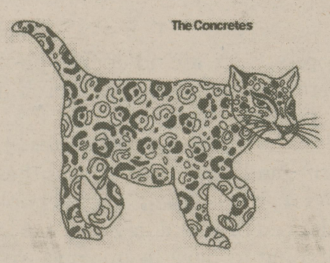
Check out Magneta Lane at www.magnetalane.com.

GRAHAM STARK GRAPHIC

Solid Concretes

The Concretes
The Concretes
Licking Fingers

by Matthew Wilson



Would you like a refreshing glass of water? Or perhaps just a listen to the new Concretes album, which is just as satisfying?

The title of the album's first track, "Say Something New," sums it all up. Their strange blend of slow-paced, rainy-day lyrics, combined with a diverse mini-orchestra, sets a nice catchy pace to the tracks and makes the Concretes' album surprisingly fresh and fun.

The band is composed of eight Swedes from Stockholm who wield everything from guitars and tambourines to various horns and organs. With 12 "honorary Concretes" that support various tracks on the album with mandolins, violins, cellos and various other musical devices, the group makes sure that no instrument feels left out.

The Concretes are fronted by the lovely voice of Victoria Bergsman, who sounds like she could be Bjork's cute little sister.

"Seems Fine" is a full-bodied song with a catchy horn hook in the chorus, briefly reminiscent of Van Morrison. "Diana Ross," on the other hand, is a drum-driven, melancholy number that sounds like a lazy Swedish marching song.

This album is a chilled out, mixed up taste of something you haven't had much of. The Concretes are not a band to scream, yell or mosh to, but you could easily daydream to them on a Sunday morning.

Attack on Nickelback

Nickelback
The Videos (DVD)
Virgin

by David Karp

Don't buy *Nickelback: The Videos*. It's a waste of money.

Fans can find all of the band's videos free at online sites like Yahoo!'s Launch. The DVD doesn't even have them all, leaving out "Worthy to Say," probably because of its drug references (the DVD is kiddie friendly, even bleeping out "gun" and "trigger").

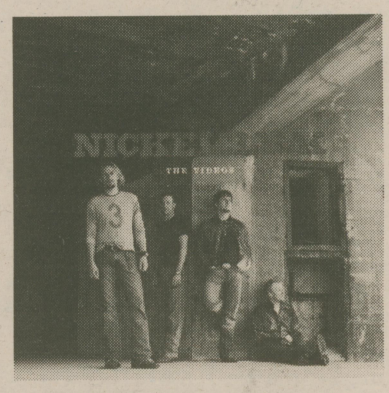
The songs are best listened to anyway. Lead singer Chad Kroeger has a knack for angry, catchy melody lines. But the videos take away from the songs, showing way too much lip-synching by 2002's Ugliest Man in Rock.

The disc does come with 3 1/2 minutes of Nickelback talking about their newest album, *The Long Road*, but it's mostly superficial yammering, which is hardly worth buying the DVD for.

To give credit where it's due, Nickelback does pull off a good video with "Too Bad." The song was written about Kroeger's relationship with his father. Kroeger's parents split up when he was three, and he lost touch with his father until he became a teenager. The song does a good job of demonstrating Kroeger's angst, and the video compliments the song well with a touching father-and-son story on the side.

But while it's a bit of a tearjerker, the video is not overly creative, as the tension is escalated with a car crash.

The same thing happens later on the DVD, in "Someday." And with the crash in Hoobastank's "The Reason," car crashes have seen way too much air time in music videos lately.



In fact, if there's one thing that Nickelback lacks in general, it's variety. Their songs are catchy, but they all sound the same. It's the old case of the guy with an electric guitar and some bottled up anger stating his problems in a simple way (think "This is how you remind me of what I really am. This is how you remind me of what I really am. Yeah, yeah, yeah, no, no.") We've heard a more sensitive Kroeger when he sang "Why Don't You and I?" with Santana, but he can't seem to replicate that emotional depth with Nickelback.

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Hockey fans getting fed up

by Matthew Wilson

All hope seems to be lost on the 2004–05 NHL season.

Trevor Linden, president of the NHL Players Association (NHLPA), set up two separate, small-scale meetings last weekend in an attempt to get talks moving again. But even without the accompaniment of Commissioner Gary Bettman (and NHLPA executive director Bob Goodenow), the owners made it clear they are not willing to budge.

"I would consider myself more of a moderate guy that would look for a solution," Linden said in an interview with the Canadian Press. "But I feel like I've been definitely pushed away."

Linden posted an audio message on the league's internal website and told players to be prepared to continue the lockout deep into next season.

It seems the owners will not deviate from their rigid stance on a hard salary cap, which is something the players refuse to accept.

"Their pursuit of a team-by-team hard cap, NFL-style model, is crystal clear," Linden said.

The players feel this hard salary cap would change the face of the NHL. Many teams would be completely dismantled because of their present payrolls, and numerous franchises would be stuck between a rock and a hard place. So it has basically boiled down to cap versus no cap.

Once again, fans are left empty-handed and powerless. No hockey in sight for the whole year and maybe the next too? The whole thing is becoming very tiresome.

I haven't touched my favourite jersey all year. It's secluded, hanging awkwardly in the back of my closet. I wouldn't feel right wearing it.

Everyone is feeling the effects.

GRAHAM STARK GRAPHIC

Fans are slowly but surely losing their faith, and their patience too. The local pubs and bars are less full this season because of the lockout.

"Times are slower naturally," Brett Blake, the general manager of Felicita's, explained. "If there is hockey on, it's top priority. But with no hockey we've had to think of a few more ways to keep business up".

Fans are wondering what to do. The World Juniors were a nice distraction and a good fix, but it's never the same. Most of us usually flip back and forth from the World Juniors to the Canucks or Habs or—God forbid—the Leafs games instead.

Sports channels are also broadcasting more WHL and OHL games on TV to spark interest. But it's impossible to even compare. Fans are hurting. There are no overtime wins, there are no breakout seasons, there are no Cinderella stories, there are no leading goal scorers, there are no hockey pools, there's no sports action, there's no . . . passion.

Fans are losing passion for the game, and that is sad. Unless these guys can get their chequebooks balanced in a freakin' hurry, we are all going to have to imagine what our teams would have done this year instead of actually watching it unfold. Maybe we'll just keep on pretending we like football more than we actually do.

NFL prepares for Super Bowl XXXIX

by Mike Berry

For the third time in four seasons, the New England Patriots have won the AFC championship, advancing to the Super Bowl.

With the 47–21 victory over the Pittsburgh Steelers, New England QB Tom Brady increased his playoff record to 8–0.

For the Steelers QB Ben Roethlisberger, it was his first loss in 15 starts. Moreover, it was Pittsburgh's fourth loss in five AFC Championship Games under head coach Bill Cowher. This year, the Steelers had hoped to end their 25-year absence from the Super Bowl.

By looking at the stats—not the score—one would never have believed the Pats won. The Steelers outperformed the Patriots in all aspects of the game.

Unfortunately for the Steelers, this also means they "outperformed" the Pats in fumbles and interceptions. New England's injured defensive unit, whose ability was questioned to even perform well against the Colts, once again bewildered the critics.

The Pats intercepted Roethlisberger three times. The first was on Roethlisberger's first pass of the game, and on another Rodney Harrison returned 87 yards for a touchdown. They also forced Steelers RB Jerome Bettis to fumble on a fourth and one, Bettis's second fumble in 10 games.

But, if the defence set the plays up, it was Tom Brady who dotted and crossed them. Brady was 14 for 21 on the night, throwing for 207 yards with two touchdown passes.

But as always all that matters is the score, and in this respect New England was better.

The same cannot be said in the NFL Conference final.

The Philadelphia Eagles defeated the Atlanta Falcons 27–10 to advance to the Super Bowl for the first time in 24 years.

Unlike the AFC championship game, the victor in the NFC was the dominant team.

The Eagles out-rushed, outpassed and out-defended their opponents.

Eagles QB Donovan McNabb was finally able to lead his team to victory after suffering three consecutive NFC championship losses.

He went 18 for 27, accumulating 180 yards and two touchdown passes. Though it ain't no record, it was enough with the 156 yards rushing to put the Eagles ahead.

Philly's defence also put pressure on the Falcons sacking QB Michael Vick four times totalling 33 yards backwards. Also known for his running, Vick was unable to break free of the Eagles' defensive line, which kept him confined to the pocket.

The Eagles and the Patriots will meet in Super Bowl XXXIX on Feb. 6.

SPORTS BRIEFS

Women's field hockey

The women's field hockey team participated in an indoor tournament at home last weekend.

The Vikes came out on top for the second time in the tourney's 15-year history, beating UBC in the final match, 3–2. UVic's only loss was against UBC the day before.

The Vikes play another indoor tourney in Duncan next weekend but will be without six players, who are currently training with the Canadian Junior National Team.

Vikes swimming

Vikes swimmer Mackenzie Downing was named Canada West's Female Rookie of the Year this past weekend following the Canada West Championships.

Downing captured four gold medals.

UVic's men's and women's swim teams both finished fourth in the tournament.

The CIS Championship will be held in Edmonton at the end of February.

Men's basketball

The Vikes men's basketball team took to the court twice this past weekend, playing the U of A Golden Bears and the U of S Huskies.

It was a close first game against the Bears on Friday. The Vikes led at the half, but midway through the second the Bears began to rally. UVic was plagued with turnovers that gave Alberta the chance they needed, overcoming the Vikes in the end, 76–73.

The Vikes were led by guards Steve Moore and Shaun Doherty at 13 points each.

Game two on Sunday against Saskatchewan fared no better.

Though the Vikes had a better field goal percentage, this game was won at the foul line. The Huskies shot 90 per cent from the line and went 11 for 11 in the second half.

The Vikes lost by six in the end, 78–72. Doherty once again led the way with 15 points.

Women's basketball

The Vikes women's team also took to the court, playing against the Pandas and Huskies.

The women hoped to regain their confidence after dropping two straight games last weekend.

By capitalizing on turnovers, the Vikes came out strong in the first half with a comfortable lead of 35–22.

This trend continued in the second half, as the Vikes ultimately forced 27 turnovers and 20 steals, beating the Pandas 79–54.

Jania Mynott led all scorers with 19 points.

Sunday afternoon's game proved more challenging for the Vikes. Domination of the boards proved to be the deciding factor of the game.

U of S out-rebounded the Vikes 24–6 in the first half, helping them attain a sizable lead. The trend continued into the second half, as the Huskies fought for another 24 boards. UVic could not overcome Saskatchewan's offensive onslaught, losing the game 77–67.

The Vikes scoring leader was Jody Potts with 17 points.

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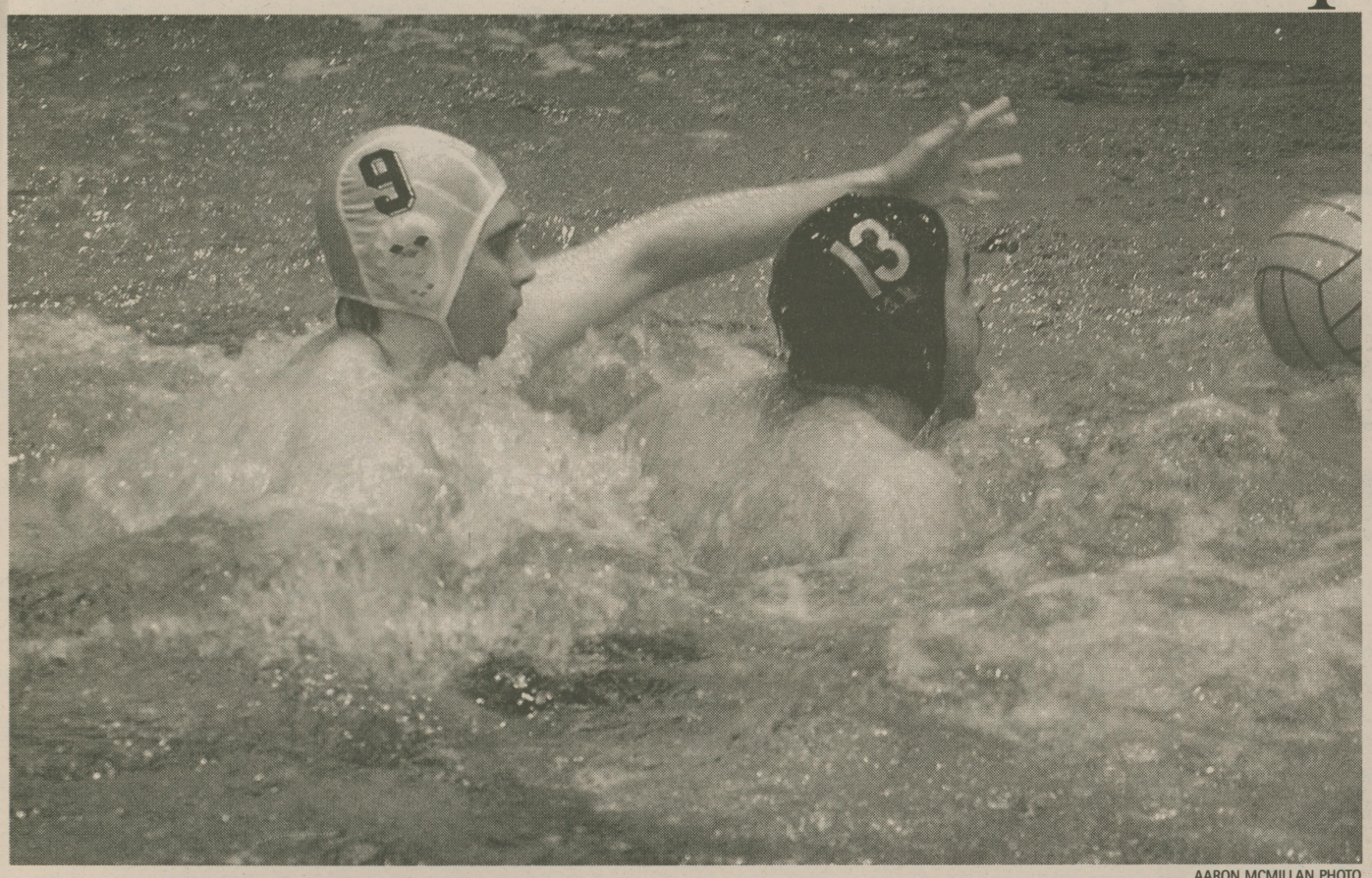
UVic sinks at Saanich water polo tourney



AARON MCMILLAN PHOTO

With minimal competitive experience and a lack of practice hours, UVic was struggling to stay afloat.

by Ford Walker

The University of Victoria's water polo club teams finished fifth in a tournament this past weekend at the Commonwealth Pool in Saanich.

This is the first year that the Saanich club has hosted the tournament, with teams competing from both Canada and the United States. Competing in the tournament were Washington State University, the University of British Columbia, three teams from Saanich and a team from Commencement Bay.

The UVic teams are divided into an A and a B team, with A being the team with the most experience and B for the newcomers. The club sport is coed.

Ben Jones, a UVic coach who also plays on the A team, says that UVic is not nearly as competitive as some of the other teams. He was referring especially to Washington's Gold team, which took first place at the tournament and has competed in the U.S. Junior Olympics.

"We only practise four hours a week," Jones said. "Enough to keep us in shape."

The lack of preparedness showed in the water. The tactics of the team were lacking, and while they were able to set up into position on offence, they were rarely able to make a play out of it.

Jones mentions that it is still rather early in the season. UVic doesn't play regular games during the week, so the occasional tournament is the only time they get to compete against other clubs.

"We get an occasional scrimmage against Saanich about once a month," he said. "But besides that, we mostly get to play in tournaments."

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Canadians for Ethical Treatment of Food Animals are looking for members to take an active part in their organization. Our mission is "a stress-free life and a humane death for food animals." Contact L. Dymond at 388-5165 or littlerockstables@shaw.ca

Become a Volunteer this New Year!!
Give something back to your community this New Year, while having a great time doing it. Here at Recreation Intergration Victoria we facilitate active lifestyles for people with disabilities in recreational settings. By donating only 1-2 hours per week you can take advantage of an opportunity that has the potential to enrich both your life and the life of someone else! To get involved or for more information, please call Bryanna at 477-6314.

ON CAMPUS

Jung Society lecture: Chris Bullock, Ph.D. The Night Snow Journey: Jungian Resonances in James Joyce's The Dead. Fri., Feb. 4: 7:30 pm, David Strong Building, C116. Students and members, $10; non-members, $15. Phone 370-6001.

GIANT GARAGE SALE@UVIC!
Accepting donations to raise money for TSUNAMI relief/rebuilding. Please drop off your new and OLD JUNK, such as...clothing, cd's, records, movies, sports and music equipment, kitchen and household supplies, games, books, electronics etc. Donation table will be in the SUB main hallway weekdays from Thursday Jan. 27-Feb 4 daily 9:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m.. Garage sale dates: Feb. 3 & Feb. 7 in the Michele Pujol Rm., SUB. All money raised goes to Tsunami relief through the CANADIAN RED CROSS.

Take the "ONE-TONNE CHALLANGE"
and do your part to reduce greenhouse gas emissions! www.climatechange.gc.ca
For more info on how you can reduce greenhouse gasses affecting climate change, contact the University of Victoria Sustainability Project at 721-7355 or uvsp@uvic.ca

GROOVEFEST will be held on Saturday February 12 / 05 in Vertigo in the Student Union Building. Tickets are available in advance at the SUB info booth, Kiss and Tell, and Lyle's Place. Ticket prices are $7 for the first 100 sold, $10 thereafter, and $12 at the door. For more info, contact groovefest@rise-up.net or 721-8353.

Looking for alternative sources of information on issues such as globalization, militarism, sustainable living, queer issues, racism and economics? Come to the VIPIRG library in SUB b122.

Pregnant? Explore the diversity of choices available to you. Contact holywild@uvic.ca for more info.

The UVic Pride Collective presents:
Rope Bondage 102 - Feb. 28 at 7:30p.m.
Partner required. $15 dollars a pair. Email UVic Pride at uvicpride@uvss.uvic.ca for further informatrion or to register.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Injured at the One Lounge by a Bouncer?
Has a One lounge bouncer ever used unwarranted or excessive force on you? I am a law student who was injured by unnecessary use of a "wrist-lock" in Dec. and am seeking justice. If this has happened to you or a friend, please contact me as it will greatly help the success of the action. Any award granted by the courts will go to a local charity that fights against violence. Please help, Rob. rshirkey@uvic.ca

Canadian Idol finalist Jacob Hoggard and his band **Hedley** are performing a benefit concert hosted by the UVic Red Cross Club, Saturday, Jan. 29 at 8 p.m. at Felicita's. $10 in advance, $12 at the door. All proceeds go to the Red Cross. For more information or tickets, call Shannon at 858-3641

WANTED Fowl psychologist for one deluded hen. Help us help the Banti. Payment: Gift in kind. Contact *The Husbandry*. 381-ROCK.

Attention Graduating Students: The Grad Class Executive needs your input for the Legacy Project! Email your submissions to legacy@fun-play-net

Legacy Series: 4 at the Royal Theatre
Jan 29 &31 at 8 p.m. The Victoria Symphonypresents *Melody and Lyricism*. Mario Bernardi conducts with Caitlin Toully on Violin. Tickets: $42, $32, $24. 386-6121.

The MFRC'S 5th Annual Father and Daughter Sweet Heart Dance is a fabulous way to spend some special time with your daughter! Saturday February 19, 2005, 5:30 p.m.-8:30 p.m.. Colwood pacific Activity Centre. $10 per father (daughters attend for free). 363-2640 for more info.

Join the UVic Chess Club
Come and learn to play chess or improve your game. Club meets every Tuesday evening from 6:30-10 in the HSD building room A260. Contact dejamer@hotmail.com for more info. and put "chess" in subject box.

Writers! Moviemakers! Musicians!
The second Writing Student Union BLAH BLAH BLAH reading will be held on Feb. 3 at the fifty fifty arts collective on Douglas St. Wanna add to the wonder with your film, your crooning voice or your happenin' written lines? We wanna you to. sarahlt@uvic.ca

MENTORS NEEDED
Mentor an elementary student 1 hr/week. Play games, sports, make crafts, read and cook. For more info. call Bonnie at Big Brothers Big Sisters 475-1117, ext. 46.

SERVICES

Check out Victoria's Free On-line Classified Ad service at—
http://groups.yahoo.com/group/electronicisland

SPA SERVICES @ Discounted Prices
Close to UVic.
Esthetics, Organic Gel Nails, Waxing, etc.
www.alluredayspa.ca

FOR SALE

85 Pontiac Fiero 2M4 Mint condition, 10 disc CD changer, Cheap on gas, a Must-see! $2800 obo 885-1662

1988 SUBARU STATION WAGON
4 WD, clean, no rust, lady driven, 180k. $3850 o.b.o. 381- 6169.

YOU SHOULD BUY MY CAR! Super-fun 1986 VW Cabriolet convertible. White-on-white, 5-speed, new top, new tires, new timing belt, new wheel bearings and more! A great little convertible with NO LEAK$! Even has Hawaiian seat-covers! $3150 obo. 595-6149.

GREEN GAZEBO TENT 8' x 8'
New, never used, $75 o.b.o. 381-6169.

Recylistas bike collective
Previously owned bicycles *overhauled and guaranteed * $50-$200 * Mountain, Road, cruisers, parts * Love, peace, bike grease. 418-8867, 25 Crease Ave.

HEY YOU!

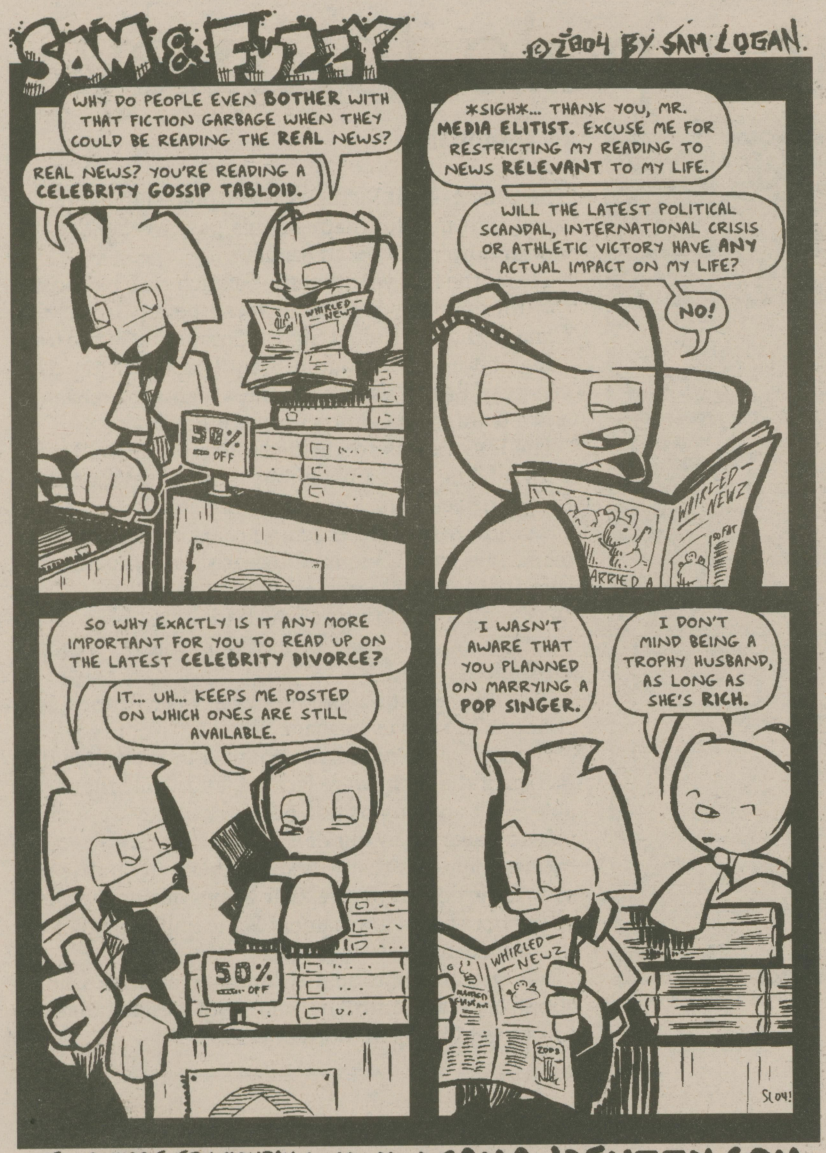
Hey You! All you Women's rights & Pro-Choice students and staff, rally this Feb.10 in Cinecenta to uphold UVic's Pro-Choice mandate.

I was the small, shy guy in your gr. 12 homeroom and chem class. You liked my 'evil' photo in the yearbook. I saw you again at Club Days. . . . My only regret then and now is telling you how I feel.

Perfume addict! PLEASE stop wearing so much perfume to physics class!!! I had a hard time breathing today, and I've had headaches all week (except for the days we don't have physics. Coincidence? I think not!!) Please be more considerate those around you who like to breathe, and do your part to cut down on the air pollution!

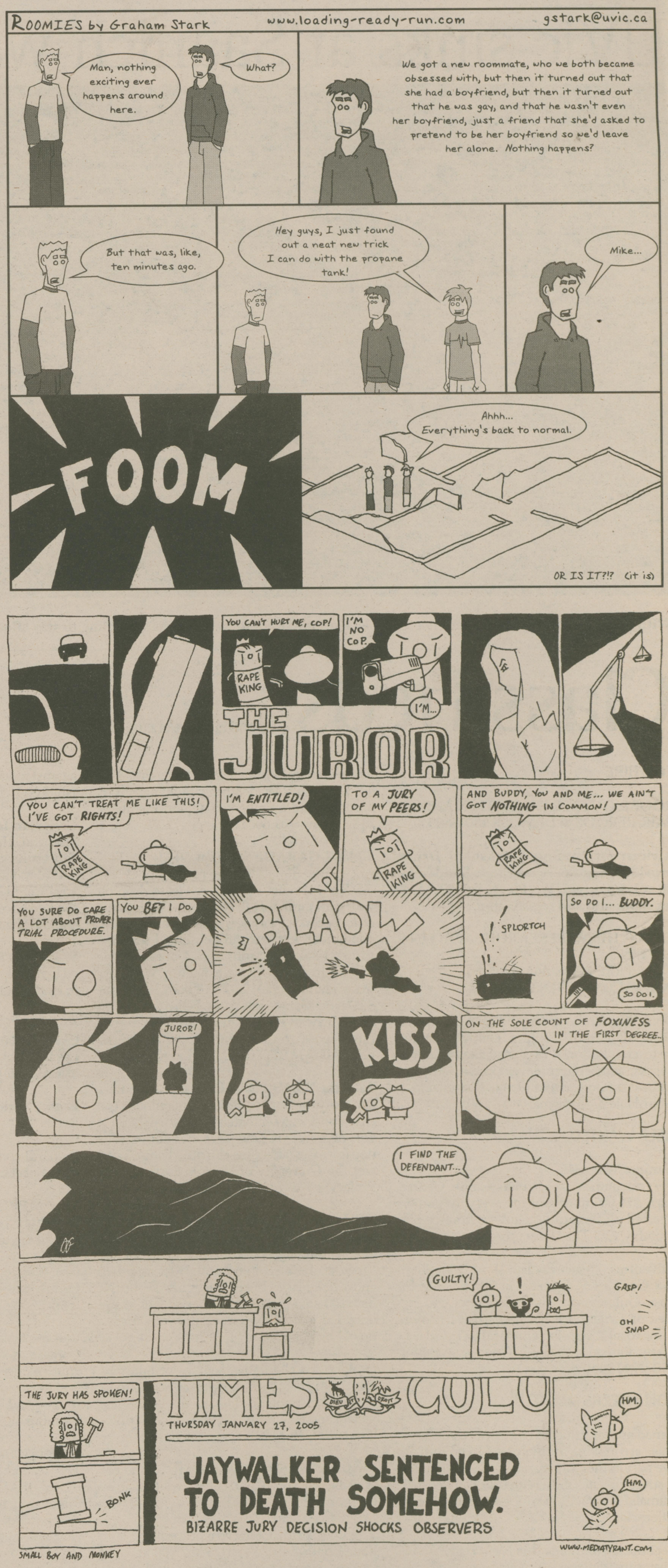
CLASSIFIED RATES

Students and clubs | $2/issue
Non-students | $2/line
Businesses | $6/line
Hey you! | free


SAM & FUZZY
©2004 BY SAM LOGAN
WHY DO PEOPLE EVEN BOTHER WITH THAT FICTION GARBAGE WHEN THEY COULD BE READING THE REAL NEWS?
REAL NEWS? YOU'RE READING A CELEBRITY GOSSIP TABLOID.
SIGH... THANK YOU, MR. MEDIA ELITIST. EXCUSE ME FOR RESTRICTING MY READING TO NEWS RELEVANT TO MY LIFE.
WILL THE LATEST POLITICAL SCANDAL, INTERNATIONAL CRISIS OR ATHLETIC VICTORY HAVE ANY ACTUAL IMPACT ON MY LIFE?
NO!
SO WHY EXACTLY IS IT ANY MORE IMPORTANT FOR YOU TO READ UP ON THE LATEST CELEBRITY DIVORCE?
IT... UH... KEEPS ME POSTED ON WHICH ONES ARE STILL AVAILABLE.
I WASN'T AWARE THAT YOU PLANNED ON MARRYING A POP SINGER.
I DON'T MIND BEING A TROPHY HUSBAND, AS LONG AS SHE'S RICH.
50% OFF
WHIRLED NEWZ
SLOW!
NEW COMICS EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY AT: WWW.SAMANDFUZZY.COM

A LONG BUS RIDE
... so yeah, She's into kinky stuff. Wants to try a threesome soon.
... So I'm gonna make t-shirts with a picture of her - y'know - spread open. Then the shirt'll say "loose lips sink ships."
... I only cheated on her once - she was three months pregnant, and she uh, she wouldn't give me any sex.
... I like girls that have a bit of education behind them, y'know? Nothin' worse than a girl that can't keep up a conversation.
I know it
... 555-9681
What name should I put?
Dirty Dog.
I got a wife at home who's eight months pregnant and ten years younger than I am...
...worst mistake of my life.
Jan 16, 2004

COASTERS
CLANK
SO MUCH IMPENDING PAIN.
CONFIRMED.
TOSS!
ASKEW!
RENDER!
FLING!
EMERGE..
WHAT THE— CRAP WAS THAT?
PROLLY HAS SOMETHING TODO WITH HIM...
SERIOUSLY- THIS SPORT IS SO EFFED UP.
HEY THERE! I'M BRAD - THE EVER VIGILANT AND CURRENTLY UNEMPLOYED SAFETY COORDINATOR -ENGINEER OF THE COAST. -WHO WANTS A LIFE VEST?
WELL I SPOSE WE HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE THAN TO WELCOME YOU INTO OUR HUMBLE ABODE -EH-SIMON?
AXES SHOULD DEFINATELY COME STANDARD ON SURFBOARDS.
LIG


ROOMIES by Graham Stark
www.loading-ready-run.com
gstark@uvic.ca
Man, nothing exciting ever happens around here.
What?
We got a new roommate, who we both became obsessed with, but then it turned out that she had a boyfriend, but then it turned out that he was gay, and that he wasn't even her boyfriend, just a friend that she'd asked to pretend to be her boyfriend so we'd leave her alone. Nothing happens?
But that was, like, ten minutes ago.
Hey guys, I just found out a neat new trick I can do with the propane tank!
Mike...
FOOM
Ahhh... Everything's back to normal.
OR IS IT?!? (it is)
THE JUROR
YOU CAN'T HURT ME, COP!
RAPE KING
I'M NO COP.
I'M...
YOU CAN'T TREAT ME LIKE THIS! I'VE GOT RIGHTS!
I'M ENTITLED!
TO A JURY OF MY PEERS!
AND BUDDY, YOU AND ME... WE AIN'T GOT NOTHING IN COMMON!
YOU SURE DO CARE A LOT ABOUT PROPER TRIAL PROCEDURE.
YOU BET I DO.
BLAOW
SPLORTCH
SO DO I... BUDDY.
SO DO I.
JUROR!
KISS
ON THE SOLE COUNT OF FOXINESS IN THE FIRST DEGREE...
I FIND THE DEFENDANT...
GUILTY!
GASP!
OH SNAP
THE JURY HAS SPOKEN!
BONK
TIMES GOLD
THURSDAY JANUARY 27, 2005
JAYWALKER SENTENCED TO DEATH SOMEHOW.
BIZARRE JURY DECISION SHOCKS OBSERVERS
HM.
HM.
SMALL BOY AND MONKEY
WWW.MEDIATYRANT.COM

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Scratch and Sniff
(smells kinda like paper, huh?)